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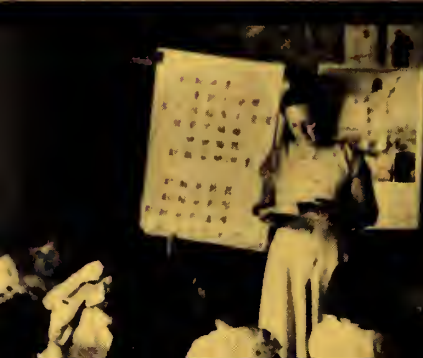
FIELD DIGEST OF THE
CHINA INLAND MISSION
OVERSEAS MISSIONARY FELLOWSHIP



JAPAN



PHILIPPINES



MALAYA

VIBRANT CHORDS

Edited By EILEEN J. O'ROURKE

FOREWORD BY

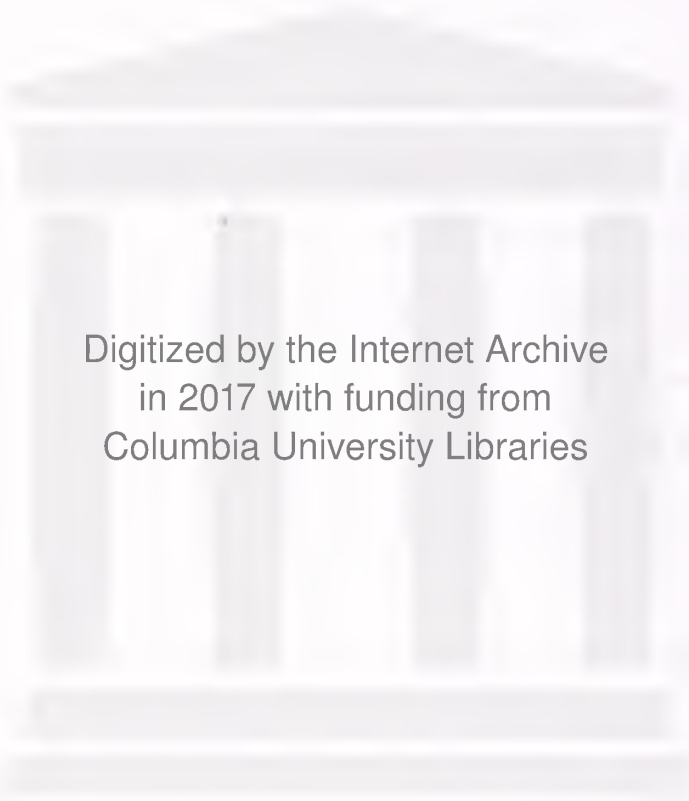
J. OSWALD SANDERS

CHINA INLAND MISSION OVERSEAS
MISSIONARY FELLOWSHIP

Philadelphia and Toronto

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Foreword

By J. OSWALD SANDERS, General Director

WHEN an old man, Haydn was brought to a Vienna theater to hear his own oratorio, *The Creation*. As the chorus "Let There Be Light" was rendered, the people spontaneously rose and cheered. The aged composer too, tried to rise but, unable to do so, he pointed upward and said, "Not to me; from thence, thence it all comes." He recognized the Source of all that is of true worth. Similarly, over this record of what God has wrought through the China Inland Mission Overseas Missionary Fellowship we would inscribe the words of the Psalmist, "Not unto us, not unto us, but unto Thy name give glory."

Our five years of ministry in Southeast Asia and Japan have been occupied largely with seed sowing and foundation laying, since no fewer than 80 of our 113 centers are located in absolutely virgin areas so far as the Christian message is concerned. This has afforded unhindered opportunity to give effect to the thoroughgoing indigenous policy we believe the Lord of the harvest has led us to adopt. In the initial stages progress has not been spectacular, but in the last twelve months there has been an increasing num-

ber of baptisms and professions of faith. Embryo churches and church buildings are appearing here and there, but there still remain groups which are unresponsive to the gospel.

When the Mission directors gathered to consider the future of the Mission, in Melbourne, Australia, in 1951, they did not envisage the rapid expansion of Mission personnel which has taken place. At the end of 1951 the active membership of the Mission stood at 150, with a considerable number on the Reserve List. By the end of 1956 membership had grown to 578, of whom 45 per cent were still in their first five years of service. Since our launching into new spheres of ministry, 198 new workers have been admitted into membership. We are a young Mission today and we believe God has an important and aggressive program ahead for us.

Throughout the 90 years of its history the most significant advances initiated by the Mission have been decided upon when conditions were least propitious for their achievement. Another such occasion arose during recent Overseas Council meetings when leaders and directors from all fields

were gathered in conference. Financial and other considerations would have indicated that it was the time for consolidation rather than further advance, but the insistent call of God would brook no denial. Considerable areas in the fields where we had already accepted responsibility—Indonesia, Thailand, Malaya, the Philippines—remained unoccupied. We had been unable to undertake as much work as we had expected among the millions of Chinese of the dispersion. And then we were faced with the challenge of the area which has been described as the least evangelized in the Orient—South Vietnam, Cambodia, and Laos, formerly known as Indo-China. In Laos alone are 13 aboriginal tribes, each with its own language, but almost entirely unreached with the Christian message. Should these peoples be denied the sweet music of a Saviour's love? Must they be doomed for ever to hear nothing but the jarring discords of sin and fear? Had we no responsibility? Only one answer was possible and it was decided that we should accept this challenge. Realistic estimates were made of personnel required to implement such a program. The results of the survey led the Overseas Council to set as the Mission's target for prayer, "184 new workers during 1957-1958." This would enable us to discharge our responsibilities in fields already occupied and to open a new field in Laos among the needy and unreached tribal groups.

One of the gratifying and sig-

nificant changes in missionary strategy today is the increasing prominence given to literature in the work of evangelism. The Mission has sought to give this branch of its work a high priority through its literature arm, the Christian Witness Press. Although the actual printing work is done by Chinese commercial printers in Hong Kong, there are 21 missionaries and 14 national workers who devote their whole time to the translation, production, and distribution of evangelical literature. During the past year more than 8,000,000 pieces of literature were produced in ten or more languages. Among the major publications of the year were commentaries in Chinese on *The Four Gospels* (778 pages), *Genesis, Exodus, Leviticus, Proverbs*, and *Acts*. The new *Inter-Varsity Bible Commentary* is in process of translation into Chinese. Two books in Japanese have been published in Japan—*The Corinthian Letters*, by Dr. G. Campbell Morgan, and *The Life of J. Hudson Taylor*, the founder of the Mission, which has found a ready market. The launching of the Chinese magazine *Dengta* was a venture of faith which has been vindicated by the reception already accorded to it. With its four-color cover, and contents slanted to catch the interest of the non-Christian masses, this journal should supply an unmet need among the large Chinese populations of the world.

With the opening of the hospital at Manorum, Central Thailand,

a noteworthy advance was reached in our medical program. The ministry of the clinics in Central and South Thailand, as in Malaya, has already been fruitful in creating confidence and goodwill as well as in souls brought to Christ; but the residential hospital gives more sustained contact with patients, some of whom have professed faith in Christ. Amazing expansion has characterized the work among sufferers from the dreaded

leprosy. More than 1,500 leprosy patients are receiving regular medical care while 1,000 more are undergoing preventive treatment. Among these there is proportionately greater response to the gospel than among other patients.

If this record stimulates a more intelligent and importunate prayer interest among its readers, there will be rejoicing in heaven as well as in the dark places of the earth.

DEEP HARMONY

By FREDERICK E. KEEBLE, *Treasurer*

IN ATTEMPTING to think of an introductory paragraph on Finance in consonance with the general theme of this book, I happened the other day to turn on my radio for a program from the B.B.C. Far Eastern Service. The program was entitled *Deep Harmony*, and beautiful music ensued, but definitely featuring low chords. So it was precisely with the Lord's dealings with us financially in the past year—a grand high note, full supplies to start the year with, and then for three remaining quarters very much

lower notes were struck—equally good harmony, but well to the left on the piano keyboard. As I write, early in January in the New Year, the Lord's hand has shifted well to the right again and we are rejoicing in His provision of plenty. The program was not a long one! The Scriptures have it that "deep calleth unto deep," and there is no doubt that when the provision is lower, the deeps of faith grasp more truly that it is God alone who meets our needs. Our God is not only the God of the mountains, but of the valleys also.

SUMMARY OF INCOME FOR 1956—*Equivalents in U.S. Dollars*

Received in North America.....	\$ 560,460
" " Great Britain	343,120
" " Australia and	
New Zealand	93,357
" " Switzerland	30,324
" " South Africa	10,861
" " Singapore	17,604
TOTAL	\$1,055,726

Preface

By EILEEN J. O'ROURKE

WE HAVE BEEN catching fragments of music of late. They are only fragments, for our fellow workers in the CIM are so scattered that it is impossible to catch all the notes. From the lands of Japan, Taiwan, Malaya, Thailand, Indonesia, and the Philippines we hear the strains.

Who is our Leader? There can be only one answer to that question. It is our Lord Jesus Christ. There is no other—nor ever can be. He is the One who leads our symphony, and the score that we play is in His heart alone. Fixing our eyes on Him, we see Him indicating when our various parts are to begin. The Hand stretched out leading us is nail-scarred, reminding us continually of the hill called Calvary. Little wonder that some of the music speaks of suffering. One does not draw near to Calvary without cost.

But our poor instruments have needs. If we are to play His music, or even hearken to it with understanding, we need to be tuned—tuned to unflinching obedience, to faith, to humility, to courage, and to love. We need to be in tune with our God. But He knows our frame, and He Himself becomes the Tuner of our poor instruments. At times the strings are too relaxed; at times too tense. We are conscious of the faulty notes that result.

Thank God for His patience and skill. He has always hastened to our help. Otherwise we could never play at all.

Noise is not music. And the clang and noise of the Enemy has sometimes broken across the sweetest strains of all and have all but drowned out the melody He had given. We have known such times. In hours when the battle for a soul has been lost we have known that most chilling of noises—the jeering of the powers of evil. There have been times too when the Enemy has come in like a flood and threatened to overwhelm us had not the Lord lifted up a standard against him.

But we have likewise known times when our God has triumphed so gloriously that quiet vibrant adoration has been our happy portion. In such moments we have all but heard the heavenly hosts joining with us in this our song! And of late there has been a new element in our music—it is the sound of trumpets that, clear and strong, is calling us to a new venture. Our pulse quickens. Our eyes fix stedfastly on Him—and we play on.

The music is not ours. It is His. And we have seen our dear Maker of Music draw forth the notes of heaven—faith, joy, and peace—in the unlikeliest of spots. We want to share it with you.

I. *Music, Child of Prayer*

"Music is the child of prayer" says Chateaubriand, and this is particularly true of spiritual music. For it is in communion with God that the instrument is tuned and the chords are struck. Without that prayerful spirit the music becomes strident and unharmonious or the players miss their cues and blare in too quickly or lag heavily behind. Also, it is in the place of prayer that we master the difficult lesson which teaches us that each 'selah' has a purpose and plan and that silence is not a gap to be filled, but is as musical as the chords that precede and follow it. Ah yes, "music is the child of prayer," for it is only as we meet with Him that we catch the throb of the Divine heart and then let it echo through our yielded instruments to the needy world about us.

INDONESIA

IT WAS a haunted house. At least that is what the people of Sambas, West Borneo, said. Had not four children of the former owner come under the spell of the demons and died there? It was a strange little house, for it was built on a lower level than the road. This meant that after the missionaries came to live there, all the curious pass-

ers-by could look directly into the house and observe all that went on in the big front room.

Haunted? The neighbors watched to see what sickness would overtake Baby Jimmie. But nothing happened at all, and he grew into a healthy, happy baby who was a delight to all who saw him. Then as the message of the gospel

began to be proclaimed by his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Peterson, it was evident that this house was indeed indwelt by a presence—the presence of God!

Beginnings were hard. Some evenings the communist young people would come *en masse* to sit in the room and stare. In response to conversation from the missionaries, they would stare. When they were offered tracts they would stare their refusal. After a time, they would rise and troop out. Once outside a hiss of voices would arise and a loud declaration, “China drove the foreigners out of their country! Why can’t Indonesia drive them out too?” would come floating back to the ears of Bob and Martha.

But others came too: young people who were eager to be friends, eager to learn, full of questions. Bob, feeling the limitations of language, said, “We didn’t have much language so we had to stick to the gospel. *It was our only vocabulary.*” But the Lord knew His instruments and though the language capacity was not great, the echo of the Divine heartbeat was clear and true. Today there are thirty who have been saved during Bob and Martha’s short stay in that city, thirty who have learned to sing the song of salvation because of the faithfulness of God’s servants. And the story quickens our pulses!

Bob writes again: “How happy we are that the saving of souls did not stop after the first group of eleven professed to receive

Christ. We knew that there were others who were close to the Kingdom. A special letter was sent out calling upon praying friends to pray for them. This letter hardly had time to reach its destination before the Spirit began convicting hearts and turning them to faith in Christ. Then six others indicated by public testimony their desire to serve the Lord. Later that month one more man told us and others of his decision. It was wonderful to watch and to hear the earlier group of young Christians give assistance to these new believers.”

But one day the new little group of Christians felt nervous. Stand out on the street and participate in a street meeting before all their friends in Sambas? How could they do it? But they went forth courageously. Courage does not consist in a lack of inward fear, rather it means a pressing on in spite of that inward fear. They were determined to press on, and despite their trembling, stood forth to sing. True, they huddled close together as they gave this first united testimony. Somehow there seemed to be comfort in being near one another. But having broken the ice of their fear, they became more at ease, and when the message was over they moved among the people giving tracts to those who had listened. On the homeward trip their joy bubbled over. “Let’s do it again; we must do it again,” was the united request from these, His very new servants.

It has been a unique joy to shepherd this group, for most of the new believers had never seen another Christian church and were therefore not dampened by cold orthodoxy. Their love to the Saviour was young, vibrant, warm and growing.

But unto them it was given, not only to believe on His name, but also to suffer for His sake. These Sambas Christians realized from the beginning that persecution and opposition would follow their Christian declaration. Therefore, having taken their stand, they were prepared for the onslaught of opposition. And it has come. Bob writes:

"Liao Chin-jung (whose name means 'Enter Glory') is finding the narrow path hard to travel. He attends the Catholic school, where students have been threatened with dismissal if they attend our meetings. The only other choice for this lad is the communist school. He continues to attend the meetings but sits in a place where he can't be seen from the street.

"One lad and his brother told of their father threatening to kill them if they were baptized. The father growled, 'Of all religions to which you could have turned, why did it have to be the Christian religion?'

"Another girl refused on Easter Sunday to accompany her brother to the Catholic church. This made her father so angry he tore up a group picture of the Sambas Christians and told her she could not come to our meetings any

more. This girl told one of the Christians that although her father would not let her go to the Easter meetings he could not take her faith away.

"Chiang Li-li's parents are nice to our faces, but bitter behind our backs," writes Martha. "Scornfully her father said, 'You might as well believe in a kitchen pan as to believe in Jesus Christ,' but she believed anyway.

"Sung Mei-lin has more violent opposition at home than the others. Her father once locked her in to keep her away from the meeting. She was the first who said she really wanted to accept Christ."

At the first Protestant baptism in Sambas, five of the young men and the elderly blind man were baptized. The whole event was made more exciting by the rumors which had been going around as to the way these strange Christians baptized people. One of the young men had been told that the Protestants stood the Christians on the river bank and then pushed them into the water!

Thus the church was born. And now Chan Shao-chang has been elected as the first deacon of the young group by a wide majority. From the very beginning he has manifested interest and has seemed to grow in grace by leaps and bounds. With this new privilege and position, he will need the grace of humility and a steadfast going forth with God.

* * *

Indonesia—a land teeming with opportunities and masses of people who have never heard of Jesus Christ. And yet hedged about this country is such a barbed network of political red tape that long months pass before entry is gained. And often entry is refused. At present there are only a small handful of CIM workers in the land. "The prayer of a single saint is sometimes followed with wonderful effects; what then can a thundering legion of such praying souls do!" Could it open the door that even now is swinging uncertainly on its hinges—whether to shut or open we cannot tell—and let in those who now are scattered in other fields patiently waiting for their entrance into Indonesia? We believe it could.

* * *

From the midst of Miss Nellie DeWaard's busy life in Surabaya two pictures of children's work come into focus.

"I shall never forget my first impression," Nellie writes. "There were rows and rows of bright-eyed Chinese boys and girls looking expectantly at me to see what would happen. The boys were dressed in spotless white and the girls in every color of the rainbow with gay ribbons in their hair. It was a beautiful and thrilling sight. There were sixty in that class and they were as polite and good as children can be. I don't know what the children thought, but with me it was a case of love

at first sight. It is a pleasure to teach them and they respond very well indeed to the lessons. It is a priceless privilege which I value all the more because as I teach I have an almost life-size picture of the Chinese communist leader, Mao Tze-tung before me. I am glad it is only a picture, for if he were there in person he would soon put a stop to it all!"

The other picture is more turbulent. "Every Monday I have a large class which has eighty boys and girls in it. This is a really troublesome class. I leave the classroom each time bathed in perspiration and utterly exhausted. It is a forty-minute struggle to maintain discipline. The children whisper, wiggle, giggle, talk aloud, fight, and make a nuisance of themselves generally. They either refuse to sing or otherwise shout off-key at the top of their voices. They laugh when I am serious, and are solemn when I tell a joke. I don't let them get away with it all, and I have my own methods of dealing with them. One that is often quite effective is just telling them that one of the reasons I like Chinese children so much is because they are so well-behaved. I speak at length of their good manners and soon the room quiets down and they are the model children which I tell them I believe them to be. If during this quiet pause I can launch out on a Bible story or an interesting object lesson I am usually all right for the period, but woe betide me if I haven't something special to fill

up every minute of the period. It is still worth while, however, as they are memorizing the Scripture and are hearing the gospel even if it is by fits and starts."

But Nellie's teaching ministry is not limited to children. She also has regular classes in a high school, among university students, in a Bible seminary and in a school for adult education—all this quite apart from the teacher training program in the church and the regular church ministry!

* * *

Conscious of the few OMF workers in Indonesia, Mr. David Bentley-Taylor writes, "Please, please pray that all of us who have the priceless privilege of being in this country may have a cutting edge to our ministry. 'They were pricked in their heart . . . they were cut to the heart,' describes the effect of apostolic preaching. To take meetings is not enough."

Could it be that as the missionary tries to press home his point he sees in those that listen that "a point pricks and pricking is uncomfortable"—and these easy-going people turn away to something more comfortable? Fenced behind centuries of complacent drifting, they deem it foolish to think of facing a harder way. Here is a place for prayer to prevail.

* * *

It was night. The village had but one street and five men were walking down it thoughtfully.

These were men whose eyes had seen the King, and who had come to this small village with the express intention of heralding His wondrous grace. There was no hall, no church, no home to which they could go, so they gathered at the side of the road and began to hang out their posters. Inquisitive shopkeepers drew near, moved their pressure lamps closer to the posters, thus increasing the pale circle of light. Finally the posters were hung and the men turned and faced the two hundred Chinese that had gathered around. Two hundred Chinese—and not one of them a Christian! For two hours the crowd listened intently as the accordion played strange melodies and the men sang of that great love and provision of God. They listened as each of the five men of the band preached Christ—first in Hakka dialect, then in Mandarin, then in Indonesian. What could it all mean? The villagers bought Gospels to find out more about this new message. They took the tracts given them. They inched up to the team members and talked to them further. This was the first time this message had come to them—and their hearts were strangely moved.

It had been a tiring day for the preaching band. When the last pressure lamp was carried away and the pale circle of light extinguished, Mr. Bentley-Taylor and his four Asian fellow-workers crept into the back of a shop and dropped down, side by side, in a loft to sleep. Moving from village

to village, gladly putting up with rough accommodations, Chinese food, small crowds, for the sheer joy of spreading the gospel of Christ—this was the high privilege of these five men!

This is not an isolated opportunity. It could be multiplied to fill

the days of as many workers as could gain entrance to Indonesia! The Lord is indeed sounding forth the music of His grace toward men in Christ through the lives of the ten CIM workers who are in Indonesia. But they are few, and the task is great.

II. *Cause for Singing*

"We have a little bird who has the pleasant custom of turning disturbing things into a cause for singing. The wind blows his bough and wakens him at midnight, his whole world is moving restlessly; he sings a tiny note or two then—perhaps to comfort himself. It is good to learn to do that."

A. CARMICHAEL

MALAYA

SECRET societies. Communist terrorists. An incident in which the long stealthy communist arm reaches out of the jungle and touches with the touch of death. In describing this Mrs. Amy McIntosh says, "Some take notice and keep up the supply of contraband food to the jungle. Those who will not cooperate must be prepared to be black-listed and meet their fate some time. Many of the villagers fall between two fires. On one side are the security forces and on the other the ter-

rorists. Their position is unenviable, for while the communists threaten them with death if they do not bring food to them, the authorities threaten them with the same if they do."

But if our God has taught the little bird to sing while his whole world is moving restlessly in the darkness, surely He can teach us the same lesson. Yes, before the gods of this dark world, the mighty powers of sin and depression, we would sing praise unto Thee, O Lord, our God!

Those who are enslaved by fear and intimidation in Malaya are legion. Miss Joan Wade writes of this even in a twelve-year-old child.

"She first came to the clinic with a poisoned foot. One day when she came for her daily dressings, she asked about a poster. As I explained the message of the poster the whole atmosphere changed from one of friendliness to contention. 'Oh, Jesus is a very bad man,' she said. After more explanations of the life of Christ, she said, 'Oh no, He's a bad man, I don't want to listen.' As soon as her dressing was done, she hurried down the street saying, 'I don't want to listen. I don't want to listen'—and we didn't see her again. Fear had been instilled into her heart by someone who didn't want her or her family to believe."

But the Lord's message to His children is a word of "Fear not" and even the circumstances of intimidation can be used to draw a soul into the Kingdom. One letter brings the following report:

"*Bang!* A rifle report shattered the stillness of a warm tropical evening. Neighbors instinctively crouched in fear. What was up? A few ventured out and soon the story spread from house to house. Apparently a young fellow was cleaning his rifle when it 'accidentally' fired. The bullet, crashing through a flimsy atap wall

which separated the two adjoining houses, passed just about where a young Chinese student had been at his books."

Accidental? No! Only a few weeks previously secret society agents had approached this boy for money. "But I'm only a student," he had protested. "That makes no difference," came the retort. "You'd better pay or you'll find yourself in the hospital!"

Pressed between these circumstances and the icy fear within, the message of the gospel found lodging in this Chinese lad's heart. "Disturbing things!"—but transformed into a cause for singing.

The Gospel Van

The missionaries of South Malaya wondered what they could do to make their ministry more effective in the scattered Chinese New Villages of Malaya. And as they pondered and sought the Lord, the vision was given for a Gospel Van which would move from village to village on an intensive evangelistic campaign, staying two weeks in each village. The vision materialized as, in answer to prayer, funds for the van were received.

The gay blue-and-red van could not run itself, nor could it evangelize the unreached. Mr. and Mrs. Percy King are the human instruments for this work of God and under their leadership the evangelistic campaigns have made a vigorous attack into enemy terrain.

There have not been masses coming to Christ in these villages. In fact, a profession of interest often melts into nothingness after the campaign is over. But here and there are those who, faced with the issues of eternity and of sin, have placed their trust in the tender mercies of our God. Let us look at a few of these.

From Serdang we hear of Kuai Fah, who decided to become a Christian at the time of the Gospel Van campaign in that village. His joy and new life were shown by his shining face and by his eagerness in the things of the Lord.

And then came testing. A few weeks after his conversion we receive this word:

"Kuai Fah goes on bravely in spite of severe opposition in his home. His father burned his treasured copy of Matthew's Gospel, and forced him to his knees in front of the idol shelf. He is forbidden to attend meetings. He now carries a small copy of John's Gospel which Miss Annette Harris covered with plain brown paper. It is very precious to him."

"The wind blows his bough and wakens him at midnight," but on one of our Father's pages we read, "Blessed are ye when men shall revile you and persecute you. . . . Rejoice and be exceeding glad." It is good to learn to do that!

After the Gospel Van left Temerloh, Miss Anne Heppner wrote:

"In a very real sense we feel that God's work of saving souls is just begun. His Spirit is moving here in a most remarkable way. It is not unusual to hear discussions, pros and cons, about the 'Jesus Doctrine' on the streets and in the shops."

There seems to be a very real undercurrent of fear when the Lord starts to touch hearts. And often it is the concentrated evangelistic ministry of the Gospel Van that stirs up the thinking of these people and brings them to the point of crisis.

Forces that are powerful and strong oppose the setting up of the cross in new places. To some, Satan prances as an angel of light; to others he comes with the iron grip of demonism. Mr. David Day in Chaah tells of the release of one of the latter.

"Mr. Chieh and his household have been suffering from constant attention of evil spirits for nearly three years. He has spent a lot of money trying to get help from the temples and mediums, but to no avail. At various times he has received tracts, and his Christian neighbors have witnessed to him. Finally Mr. and Mrs. Chieh decided that Jesus could deliver them. A Christian worker from Kluang went to his home, prayed with him, and expounded the Scripture.

"Early the next day, this Kluang Christian worker and two elders came to ask me to go to Mr. Chieh's house and see how he had

fared in the night. The husband had already left for work, but his wife was looking happy. She said that after they had prayed and gone to bed they slept until about two o'clock, when the demons started troubling them again. Mr. Chieh shouted to his Christian neighbor to get up and pray for him, got on his knees and called upon God aloud in the Name of Jesus. The demons departed and they all went back to continue a peaceful night's sleep. That day much of the village heard of these happenings.

"Four o'clock that afternoon the believers gathered at the house. All of the red demon paper inside the house had already been pulled down. We sang some hearty hymns and prayed, then I preached on 'The Son of God was manifested to destroy the works of the devil.'

Mr. Chieh went around removing the last traces of spirit worship and it was grand to see him heaving up the spirit-table that stood in his front garden. While neighbors swore at him, he grasped the heavy post and jerked it back and forth with all his strength, but it didn't seem to want to come out. One of the Christians and I joined him, gave a mighty heave, and up it came. That night during another outdoor meeting, the remains of the spirit table were going up in smoke and flames.

"I have visited the family several times since. They have bought a Bible and are studying it. Having been clearly set free by the Lord, they have had no trouble from the demons since. The whole village is talking about it and who knows what the ultimate effect will be!"

NORTH MALAYA

A touch of the strength of the invisible foe against whom we fight is felt through this letter by Miss Betty Meadows.

"We've been visiting round the village. Miss Ellen Lister goes with the Chinese Hakka student and I go with Miss Foo, the Cantonese girl. Miss Foo starts in at every house as if she's been doing visitation work all her life, but yesterday I found it hard going—hardness of the people's heart I mean. 'Friendly but indifferent to the gospel'—that could be written over Slim River. Here are notes on some we visited yester-

day: not wanted . . . listened grudgingly . . . received with smiles but interest waned . . . friendly but cooking food, no time . . . rich house—all rolling cigarettes, two girls listened . . . three women playing cards, 'Have you heard the gospel?' Answer: 'no time.'

"In no house were we invited to sit down and it was hot in the sun, so we were very tired when we got home." There we have a picture of missionary life with all the glamor stripped from it. The foe can be very relentless, but he can never be the eternal victor; our Lord Jesus is that!

A few weeks later Betty Meadows wrote this description of the Tamil Sunday School in Slim River:

"'Missy Medders! Missy Clock! Radio?'

"'Not yet, Sinderaj. It's only seven o'clock. Go and play for a bit and we'll open the door when the clock says eight.'

"Sinderaj's face falls a little but brightens as quickly. He nods and, displaying a row of shiny white teeth, trots off cheerfully. At last the clock points to eight, and a surge of little brown boys and girls come tumbling in.

"'Radio! Radio! I! I!' Yes, everyone wants to be first and it's a difficult job to choose the privileged one to put on the first record. The phonograph cabinet has many shelves, each containing records in a different language, to suit the many peoples of Malaya. But today it is the Tamil shelf which is favored, with just one or two from the English shelf, and yes, perhaps one or two from the Hindi. The favorite just now is a stirring Christian march played by a Salvation Army Band. Nobody's feet can keep still, and those who are able to sit tight clap their hands to the steady beat, beat, beat of the march. Mutamal looks up and beams delightedly as the music starts and little Poparty, her baby brother, nestles against her contentedly. He is a tiny, sickly babe, willing to leave his sister only for very short intervals to sit on the missionary's lap, and even then Mutamal must stay nearby.

"Kingoderan is watching the clock anxiously. It's his turn next, and if Sinderaj doesn't give up his seat in front of the 'radio' right on the dot, there's going to be plenty big trouble! Ten minutes each—that's the ration! The march finished, on goes a Tamil lyric.

"'Come along everybody, it's nine o'clock. Time for meeting now!'

"The 'radio' is left rather reluctantly but is soon forgotten in singing Tamil choruses. Bursts of giggles accompany the missionary's efforts to sing in Tamil, but everyone settles down at last and waits hopefully to be called out in the front to lead the singing. By this time Letchmy, a shy girl of thirteen, has arrived and we can proceed with the story. Letchmy goes to English school and speaks good English. She stands beside the missionary, putting the story sentence by sentence into Tamil as she hears it. All eyes are riveted to the flannelgraph board. Will wicked King Pharaoh let Moses and his people go? Already dreadful things have happened. Think of the river turned into blood. Ugh! And the frogs, the lice, the hailstones! Today it is the 'darkness which could be felt.' But now the story is finished for today and the missionary says, 'Come next week and see what happened!'

* * *

The ministry of our medical workers in North Malaya has been

the means of reaching into lives that otherwise would not have had the opportunity to hear of our Lord Jesus. The days of the medical team are full. In maintaining thirteen clinics they find that opportunities abound far more than strength or time to take advantage of them. After a busy day, Miss Margaret Heale tells of arriving home with Mrs. Ada Stead, weary and quite ready for the evening meal.

"Just as we were finishing our supper we heard an ominous noise and a stick appeared around the door followed by a dear old bent Sikh Indian lady who had trodden on a nail in the cowshed. Just behind her came a Chinese boy, and we thought that he too wanted medicine, but no, he had come for Bible study. The old Sikh lady had her foot attended to and brought the number of patients seen for the day to ninety-one. The Chinese boy sat down, and told us that he had heard the gospel on the radio from Singapore and Manila. We felt he was a seeking soul and Ada had a chat with him, using the Human Heart poster which has so often helped us to explain the way of salvation. As he left he carried a copy of John's Gospel and the first lesson of a Bible correspondence course.

"We visit seven villages a week for clinics," Miss Heale continues, "some having three visits, others two and the very small places only one visit. We have much joy in this medical ministry and look forward to seeing definite fruit

in each village as a result. We are increasingly conscious of opposition from the enemy but in faith look up to the Lord for His victory."

* * *

Youth work clamors for attention in Malaya. The Lord has blessed the labors among this group and is causing us to feel that this is the line that needs increasingly to be emphasized. But it is not always easy. At one place while a DVBS was in session, big boys beat on gasoline drums outside the windows until the class had to be dismissed for the day. The workers went to a coffee shop and there prayed. The next day they had a roomful of listening children and the power of the Lord was in the midst, with no big boys to disturb!

It has been upon the young people's house parties, however, that the highlight of God's blessings has fallen. Many prayer battles had to be won in order to get the youth there at all. But gathered together, far from distractions and difficult home situations, the Lord abundantly met their varied needs. "The soul cannot be hurried." The heart needs a "selah" from time to time, and this quiet retreat proved to be just that. Returning once again to difficult surroundings, to non-Christian friends, and to the pressures of life in tense Malaya, they found that they had been fortified with an inner strength that did not fail them.

* * *

"*Merdeka, Merdeka!*" (Freedom, Freedom!) is the cry from many lips as the people of Malaya pant toward that day of release from British rule. That day is not far hence. But with the communistic factor so strong and with national feeling so high, the mes-

senger of the Cross wonders how much freedom there will be in the new Malaya to preach the gospel. Malaya is a nation of many races. It is a nation in political turmoil. Today is a day of opportunity. Tomorrow will tell its own tale.

* * *

III. *Seeds of Song*

Planting seeds of song is a toilsome task assigned only to those who themselves have learned the buoyancy of praise.

CENTRAL THAILAND

BUDDHISM is no decadent religion. In the midst of a surge of revival, the motionless statues that gaze down at the people kneeling devoutly before them are symbols of the formality and strength of this system. Yellow candles are left burning in adoration, flowers are placed in waiting vases, and incense rises to the bronze nostrils of the Buddha. All over the country, ignorant and intelligent, rich and poor throng to worship the silent figure. New temples are being built continually and old ones are repaired. It is against a revitalized Buddhism that the messenger of God presses.

But out of the midst of this system of spiritual darkness the living church of God is beginning

to emerge. The Word has fallen on many hearts and some have been won by its power and have become new creatures in Christ Jesus. The merging process is not an easy one, for the tentacles of Buddhism are strong. It is considered unpatriotic to be anything but Buddhist. In the Singburi area an old lady hesitated considering the claims of Christ believing she would have to change her nationality if she did so! Often intangible, but never weak, the grip of Buddhism holds its constituency greedily. Indifference to things of eternal import is painfully evident, yet God is calling forth a people for His Name—and they are coming at His call.

The testimony of young believ-

ers in these Central Thailand stations is the stimulus now causing the church to grow and gather momentum. None of these young Christians have known the Lord for more than three years, but already they are beginning to conduct their own services and carry the Message outward to others. This is the work of God. The seeds of song are springing up!

Few conversions are spectacular ones, for God usually moves in quiet ways. As the Word meets the need of a prepared heart, that heart bows before its new Master. It is as simple as that.

Opening a new station calls for patience, love and consecration. Hordes of people come to stare, to feel, to listen inquisitively and then to disappear to the market place to report every detail. In these early days seeds are planted which may lie dormant for months before they spring up to the praise of His glory. Miss Beth Roose tells of the early days in Manorom:

“‘Never!’ This oft-repeated answer is in reply to the question, ‘Have you ever heard of Jesus?’ Again and again the words ‘*Mai khei*’ remind us of the privilege of serving our Lord in virgin territory. And then the questions invariably arise, ‘Who is Jesus?’; ‘Where is He?’; and ‘Where is heaven?’

“Visitors are frequent. Throughout the day a variety of people stream past the door, schoolchildren, country farmers, business people, neighbors, and many just

out walking. Framed gospel posters outside the door attract many, but some come right inside, look around, admire the picture rolls, and perhaps listen to the phonographs and Gospel Recordings, chat, accept a tract, and go their way again.

“Often a group of children gathers around the record of The Lost Sheep. Familiarity delights them, and they count with the narrator, 97, 98, 99—then join in the old familiar words, ‘Jesus loves me, this I know.’”

From these early beginnings, a church has sprung forth in Manorom that now gathers, not from curiosity, but in love to the One who was not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance.

* * *

The station of Angthong in Central Thailand has been a difficult plot. It seemed as if every attempt to plant our “song-seed” was an attempt to cultivate rock. This small city boasts an impervious exterior to Christ. Only one small seed sprang up at all, and it seemed as if that one pushed up from the hard rock itself.

Her name was Sai Yut. It was after she fully understood the facts of the gospel that she promised to go home and thank the Lord for dying for her and ask Him to forgive her sin. Next day the missionary asked if she had done this. “Yes,” she answered shyly.

"Did God hear you?" asked the missionary.

"Oh, yes, He heard me," she replied confidently.

"Do you believe that your sins are forgiven, Sai Yut?"

"Oh, I don't know about *that*," Sai Yut answered. To have your sins forgiven was a *big* thing. Could it be possible for her? Sai Yut wondered about this. But two weeks later there was no doubt. God had given her the assurance that her sins were indeed forgiven.

A month or so later Miss Mary Cooke wrote: "Sai Yut has had to leave us. She returned to her parents' home because her policeman husband was assigned to Bangkok. Her father came for her and she went away on the bus, weeping. We feel very sad over her going because she had been making good progress in spiritual things after her profession of faith."

The only seed that sprang up! But He who transplanted can still sustain, and prayer can water the tiny seedling.

* * *

The Christians in the northerly town of Pichit invited a Thai Christian to a special conference in their town. Within two hours after his arrival, he was the center of an unusual sight. "Darkness had come quickly and sudden gusts of wind were blowing themselves out round the town. But in the shelter of the trees which surrounded Miss Mee's house and under the high stilts on which it

rests, some Thai ears were hearing for the first time the strange names of Adam and Eve. In the blackness of the night, the two dim electric bulbs and the kerosene lamp gave but a meager light, but Mr. Sa-Than, the Thai evangelist, was aglow with his message and all seemed constrained to listen. Finishing one subject he quickly passed on to another and it was only when some young children in the audience found it difficult to hold up their sleepy heads that he consented to stop and let us go."

In the afternoon of the next day they went together to visit a village near to Pichit, and Mr. Roy Carswell writes: "As you know, a steady witness has been maintained in this community of country folk for fully a year. Mr. Waite has displayed almost the whole range of available posters and time after time has gone to interested families to explain in their own language what we have tried to say. But each time he has had to conclude sadly, 'They have no light. Darkness, darkness!' It was into this that we brought Mr. Sa-Than, covered with many prayers. As he stood there unashamedly declaring the message of sin and salvation, his high-pitched voice sounded out far beyond his immediate hearers, and we felt the forces of God had moved into a new position. There were no converts, and there was no response to the invitation, but a mark was certainly made." In just such humble ways the Light is penetrating the Darkness.

"The real victory in service is won in secret beforehand by prayer; service is gathering up the results," says S. D. Gordon. The "gathering up of results" in Chainat has been a joyous labor.

Some of the faces in the "church of God in Chainat" are marred with the disfigurements of leprosy. Mrs. Somboon is among that group. After her baptism she was eager to know more and more about Jesus and, in answer to prayer, the treatment given for her leprosy was used to make her steadily better until she can now turn the pages of her Bible for herself.

And then her husband received a new appointment to another part of Thailand and she had to move to an area where there were no Christians. The two missionaries back in Chainat prayed that the Lord Jesus would make her a brave Christian witness there. God answered that prayer, for with her deformed hands Mrs. Somboon wrote telling how she sings, reads, and prays by herself in that lonely spot. She asked that the Chainat church might remember her in prayer—as if those who loved her in the Lord *could* forget her! In that isolated situation, He to whom she has given her confidence is no stranger to her, and in looking to Him, she is finding peace and joy.

Wanlop, one of the earlier converts in Chainat, was so changed in life after his conversion that he created a thirst for God in the heart of his soldier-friend, Griengsak. Griengsak too was "gathered

up" as he yielded to the Saviour and these two friends were baptized at the same time. One day as Wanlop and Griengsak were bent over their Bibles together, Wanlop looked up with a humble sincerity, saying, "If God could save two people like Griengsak and me, then He can save *anyone*!" Humility. Loving service in winning others. What rich notes these are from such a young Christian!

Miss Joan Wales writes of progress in the Chainat group, saying, "Several of the Christians now take their share in leading or in giving a message at the regular gatherings of the church. Services are conducted in an orderly way. A young mother who is also a schoolteacher delights to help with the Sunday school whenever she is free from home responsibilities. There has been progress too in helping to spread the glad tidings both by glad and fearless cooperation with the missionaries in the Sunday afternoon open-air meetings, and in several evangelistic trips, as well as by the personal witnessing in home and school which has been fruitful in bringing others to the Saviour.

"The services are still held in our sitting room, which, praise God, will soon be too small to accommodate the worshipers, but the Christians are beginning to talk about putting up their own church building. Pray that they may not only talk about this great need, but may do something about it."

Friends did pray, for several months later we had the jubilant word from Miss Gerry Stockley

telling of the opening of a bank account in the name of the "Chainat Christian Church." The initial deposit was comparatively small, but faith and expectation were active and growing, and we rest in the confidence that He which hath begun a good work in them will finish it (as the margin of Philippians 1:16 so nicely puts it). It is the Lord who has been adding the living stones to His church in Chainat, and they in turn are beginning to plan for the erection of the building in which they will worship Him.

God's hand has been hovering over the neat little village of Chainat that only three years ago had not yet heard the gospel message, laying His finger first on this one and then on that, calling them into fellowship with Himself. Satherun, a young lad of sixteen, was one of these. It was a dream that God used to reach his heart. In his dream he saw the Lord coming into his home. His joy at seeing Him turned to despair and fear as he looked down at his dirty clothes and realized how unfit he was to meet Him. In his dream he ran to the missionaries and asked what he should do. They answered, "Don't be afraid. Just put your trust in Him." On awakening, the transaction was made, and at the earliest opportunity he came to share this good news with the missionaries.

"It is a solemn thing to find oneself drawn out in prayer which knows no relief until the soul it is burdened with is born. It is no less solemn afterward, until Christ

is formed in them. Converts are a responsible joy." The converts in Chainat are but babes, sometimes stumbling, sometimes falling, sometimes fearing before the blast of the Terrible One. Prayer that will mold them into the stature of Christ will not be without cost. Nor will it be without eternal joyous reward.

The Peace Launch

The waterways reign supreme in Thailand, being the arteries of almost every sort of traffic. Eighty per cent of the produce of the country is still carried by water. It is therefore natural that the Ambassador of Christ should feel a responsibility to the concentrated populations along the congested rivers of this country.

Santisuk (which means "Peace") is the name of the new launch that slid into the waters at Paknampho several months ago at the site where two years previously the first Christians of that city were baptized. One of the men baptized at that time read the Scripture at the dedication of the *Santisuk* while another prayed asking the Lord that many of his own people might come to know the Lord Jesus as their personal Saviour and Friend through the ministry of the *Santisuk*.

On each side of the launch a gospel text is lettered. On the port side is John 3:16, "For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life"; and

on the starboard is the gracious promise of our God, "If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins."

Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Scott and Mr. Eric Beresford who have manned this launch have had profitable times of ministry as they slowly wind up and down the waterways, stopping at each floating house for a word or to leave a tract, sometimes tying up at market centers where many gather curiously to "see what it is all about." But the Word goes steadily forth and Gospel portions and tracts are now in some of the remote homes of this large Central Thailand plain. Sowing beside all waters, telling the old, old story to those for whom it is still very new—this is the part the "skipper" and crew on the Peace Launch are set to play.

* * *

Here is one final glance into a Central Thailand station. Miss Beth Roose writes to her friends

at home: "Sometimes when opportunity occurs, I play the record of Barabbas and turn the picture roll to the scene of the crucifixion. Then I watch the faces of our visitors—some of those who have never heard. With their eyes transfixed the scene is absorbed, and as I look upon their gaze beholding for the first time the crucified Saviour, I long to be able to look deep into their hearts, and to probe their thoughts, and gather their first impressions, and then the record comes to an end. As you kneel in prayer, I would that you too could gather up in your mind's vision the picture of these who are hearing for the first time, and that you could have imprinted on your memory their faces, their expression, their need. Let us together in prayer and faith claim them for His own, and have the joy of seeing the light of the glorious gospel of Jesus Christ steal across their countenance."

SOUTH THAILAND

Muslim Work

"The Arabs say when the evening wind is gently sighing, 'Listen, listen, it is the Sahara weeping; it would like to become a meadow!'"

HIDDEN deep, even in Muslim hearts, are yearnings for a life that satisfies. Islam is an unsatisfying desert. And yet life cannot abide where the streams of water do not flow. It was Mildred Cable who said, "There is one crime in the desert which is greater than

murder and worse than theft; it is to know the whereabouts of water and withhold the information."

To enter the lush tropical area of South Thailand, one can see little with the outward eye to substantiate the analogy of a desert.

But beyond the seen is the unseen. Crowds bent on their daily round of marketing, farming, buying and selling are not even dimly aware of their lack. Bound in the close-set "cannots" of Islam they go on from day to day seeking to still the void within by the empty ceremonies and ritualistic prayers of Islamic routine.

* * *

"Christian religion is good; almost like Muslim," and Zabedah nods her head enthusiastically. Zabedah wants to agree with the missionaries whom she counts as her good friends, but the prejudice of the Muslim heart is deep-seated. For long hours she will listen to the gospel, but at the end says, "I am a Muslim. If I become a Christian, I will be an infidel. I must believe in Mohammed." And with that conclusion, she walks sadly off. Has the seed even gained entrance into the inner citadel of her heart? We are tempted to wonder.

But Islam is an unsatisfying desert and back she comes again. Zabedah, anxious to please says, "We are *almost* the same. You have three books [Law, Psalms, Gospels] and we have one more [Koran]. Now look in this book," she continues. "You see it tells here how we Muslims believe that it was not Jesus who was really crucified, but Simon of Cyrene."

Thus, trying to make things right, she but sends the sword deeper into our hearts, for she has laid her finger on the crux of

the matter. It is the Cross that divides. The wounds of Jesus are our only hiding place for "He was wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised for our iniquities, and with His stripes we are healed." And Zabedah, so loved by Him, still stands in the bitter outside of those wounds of Rest.

The Clinic Work

Would the Malay Muslims come at all to the clinic, the medical team wondered as they opened their doors a year ago, or would the presence of Thai folk keep them away? Mrs. J. O. Sanders writes: "The figures for that first year were most interesting. Patients of all races shared equally in the ministries of our team in Saiburi, though a Thai patient will ostentatiously blow the seat 'to cool it because a Malay has made it hot,' or eagerly explain to her neighbor how the nurse boils the needles after using them on the dirty Malays. Yet they do mix together and eighty per cent of the patients have been Malays."

Dr. Dorothy Toop tells of Ishmael. "Our clinic registrar keeps us pleading with the Lord to move hard Muslim hearts—for surely if any know the Way, it is he, and yet we have no visible token of his trust in Jesus as the Son of God. He told Beth Anstis (latest arrival in Saiburi) that he could not correct any of the Bible stories which she was preparing to tell the children. Is he perhaps convicted of the truth but taking pains to hide it by appearing to

be a stricter-than-ever Muslim?"

Another language student looking to Ishmael for help writes, "Ishmael 'freezes' when you attempt to read Scripture with him." But prayer was continuously made for him, and Dorothy Toop was able to write later of the first faint stirrings.

"I had been taking care of Nik Pak, Ishmael's wife, before her baby came. Ishmael told me that his two other children were born on a Friday, their Holy Day, so I replied almost without realizing what I said, 'Oh well, this one then will come on a Sunday.' And she did—a fine little daughter whom he has named Ra-Isa. Before the baby arrived I thought a lot about my unintentional 'prophecy' and the night before when reading an article by Dr. Lambie I was impressed as he pointed out how just a detail may alter the course of a man's life. So we prayed again that night that the baby might arrive on a Sunday if this were the detail that would alter Ishmael's life. Early Sunday morning as I was opening the door I saw Ishmael riding in to call me. He didn't need to say why he had come, and it was such a spectacular answer to prayer that I went to the home with a sense almost of awe—as if we were on the threshold of something great. Ishmael seemed quite impressed that the baby did arrive on a Sunday. My husband and I gave him a Jawi Bible as a memento of this event, and he seemed very pleased. We trust on." The following Sun-

day for the first time Ishmael attended the morning worship service.

In the clinic, the Crucifixion picture has a greater attraction than any other. One time when that picture had been changed for another one, a man came in, looked all around and said, "Where is *that* picture?" Yet after three years of missionary work in Sauri, there is not one Christian.

* * *

And here is one more picture of a Malay Muslim.

Ahmad walked slowly down the street in Yala. Having come to Thailand for a special purpose he was loath to return to Malaya without having accomplished that aim.

Two years ago Ahmad had bought a book in Kota Bahru, Malaya, and its words had touched new chords in his heart. He wondered about this Jesus Christ of whom it spoke, and for several months he attended the Roman Catholic service in that city. But then the Muslim authorities, disturbed by this straying member of their flock, frowned upon him and he was sharply warned that such doings were not compatible with the Muslim faith, and he would have to conform.

He conformed; for the heart that has not yet tasted and seen that the Lord is good knows not what it misses. We have seen, however, that when God is stirring up a soul to seek Him, frowns and intimidations are as naught to

that one. Nothing matters but that it finds its Lord.

Shortly after this time, Ahmad met a Chinese friend of his in the border town of Sungei Golok who explained to him a strange little pamphlet called *The Wordless Book*. His friend had just been given that booklet a few months previously and as these two boys bent over its pages, a strange stirring was beginning in Ahmad's heart. He felt that when he went into Thailand again, he must see if he could find someone who could tell him more. In his own country of Malaya it was unlawful to propagate the Christian religion among the Malays and he could not hope for enlightenment there.

As Ahmad walked along the streets of Yala in South Thailand these thoughts were busy in his heart. He knew so little. If only he could find someone who could help him! But hope was fading. He had been here for two days already and still had not even seen a "church."

Just then he saw it. No, not a church but just two wide open doors on the corner of the street. Inside there were large pictures

with Malay captions which spoke of Jesus.

Jesus. That Name was beginning to haunt his heart with a lingering sweetness. Why was it? He walked in. The week end that followed was filled with many hours in deep and earnest conversation and during those two days he was given a good grounding in Christian truth.

"He tells us he believes and says, 'I trust in the Name of Jesus'," writes Mr. Laurie Wood; then he adds cautiously, "We hesitate to say he has entered into the experience of salvation, but he has certainly gone a good deal farther along the road than any man we have met hitherto, and we pray he may really believe and be saved."

* * *

The Sahara weeping because it wants to be a meadow. A Muslim heart stretching forth for satisfaction. And so we return to our mixed metaphor from F. W. H. Meyers. Seeds of Song—seeds to blossom and songs to sing—even here in desert places.

"The desert shall rejoice and blossom . . . Rejoice even with joy and singing" (Isaiah 35:1, 2).

Sing above the battle strife,
Jesus saves, Jesus saves!
By His Death and endless life,
Jesus saves, Jesus saves!
Sing it softly through the gloom
When the heart for mercy craves;
Sing in triumph o'er the tomb,
Jesus saves, Jesus saves!

—P. J. OWENS

IV. *Lost Chords*

"The bird in him awoke and found sublime
Great music, sang a faith that dares to climb
The things that are, *and see, and sing to see*
The things that yet shall be."

CHINA

THE CHINESE that we knew a few years ago were a happy, shouting, laughing people. Today they move along the streets of the New Republic silently and the spontaneous laughter is silenced. The depopulation of the large cities is progressing and many are being sent to the lonely outposts of Kansu, Tsinghai, and Ningsia. Unemployed are gathered together and sent to populate and build these waste places. Since many Christian students are purposely failed in their school examinations, they too are dispatched with these groups. Brain-washing and forced uniformity still remain in an effort to press the masses into the mold of the communist desire.

Today China is not a land of song. If the Lord's songs are to be sung at all, it must be from those whose faith "dares to climb the

things that are, *and see, and sing to see the things that yet shall be.*"

We do not hear many of these songs. They are not sung for us, but to Him who alone is worthy to receive such costly sacrifices of praise. Once in a while our Father causes a fragment of these tunes to reach us, for He knows our hearts are cheered when we have evidence that He is giving songs of deliverance to our brethren in China. For they are our spiritual children still.

A number of months ago some old shabby books were sent to different areas of China, and through their pages God's children found strength and help. The letters that came back were full of praise! Here are a few excerpts.

From the far Northwest:
"When the people receive these

spiritual books they are delighted beyond words, so that they do not even wait for meals. They wish first to eat the spiritual food. One can see they are hungry and thirsty."

And from the Southeast: "These old books are like the grain Joseph stores for Pharaoh, Now you bring it forth when we have nothing!"

From the Northwest borderland again: "Brother —— has had opportunity to read some spiritual books. He has obtained great profit from this and it has transformed his life."

And again: "I am reading the magazine you sent and cannot tell you the profit I received. You say they are to be given free, but I would send you all the money I have to pay the postage."

Another writes: "Two hundred sets of *Pilgrim's Progress* are not enough, for too many people want to buy it. Some people bring pork, some straw to exchange for it and they walk dozens of miles."

Just paper and ink? Yes, but paper and ink that is fired with the passion of God's servants and used by God to warm the hearts of Chinese Christians in these desperately needy days.

But refreshing as other books may be, it is God's Book alone that plumbs the heart and satisfies the soul's deepest needs. In His own Word God speaks with man and becomes Strength and Sun to His weary oppressed pilgrims. In these past few years, the new government of China has

set itself the task of providing a new simplified set of characters for the people. For a number of months the newspapers have been written in this orthography, but as yet the Bible has not been issued in these new characters. Prayer is being made that when it is done there will be no changes or omissions in the text. "Thy Word is a lamp unto my feet and a light unto my path." Now, if ever, the Chinese believers need this light that they may walk uprightly in the midst of a crooked and perverse generation.

Many have been concerned for the children of China growing up in a country governed by godless leaders and being indoctrinated from their early days. And well we might let our cry come up before our Father in their behalf. Only one small note has floated out to show us faith in the heart of a little child. As she watched the fire licking the flimsy thatched village very near to their home, she kept saying, "O Jesus, do not let us burn." When her mother offered to take her away she replied, "No, Jesus will keep us safe." For had she not asked Him? And though the fire came very near, they were unharmed. "When the Son of Man cometh shall he find faith on the earth?" And if He finds it in the heart of a little child in a dark curtainland, will it not give His heart joy?

There is another group in China who are walking in hard places. They are the White Russians who, having taken refuge in China to

escape the regime in their own country, found the same iron hand had followed them to China. Yet from the midst of these White Russians, there has been an ingathering for the Lord Jesus. Here again there is a dearth of the Word of God. Russian Scriptures are getting into China but only a few at a time and the demand is very great. One who has occasion to distribute Bibles tells of eight Russians coming in for Bibles in one day and all she had to offer them was one Bible and one New Testament. And then she adds, "Now that they are gone, it will be a long time before I have any more."

There is much we do not know about China. There are lost chords whose echo we may never hear on this side of the veil that separates us from our Father's Home. But we shall hear them there. There are those in China today who echo with the three young men of old, "Our God whom we serve IS ABLE to deliver us . . . BUT IF NOT we will not serve the golden image which thou has set up." The ultimatum is as old as the centuries. Will these who bear the Name bow down to the golden image and tune themselves to the world's enticing music? For many who look upward (even to that God who allowed the fiery "but if not" of that verse to become reality) there can be but one answer. They know not the voice of strangers (or the music of strangers!) and have set their hearts to pray only that directed by their

Leader. And so they come, these chords wrung out of the anguish and pressure of a life lived under the relentless pressure of a godless regime, behind a bamboo curtain so tightly woven that only a very few of those chords reach us. But while the remainder are as lost chords to us, they find the ear of God.

An illustration from World War II will bring this chapter to a close: A radar operator received an S O S from a plane which was limping in. He began giving landing instructions but received no further word from the plane, nor did he know if the plane was receiving the instruction he was sending, but he kept sending the messages out into the dark. On and on they sent forth. Finally, hearing the hum of a plane, he had the lights thrown on the landing field and after a time the plane made a safe landing. The first one with whom the pilot wanted to shake hands was the one who kept sending him the messages even when he could send back no answer.

Praying for China may *seem* like sending out messages into the dark. We hear of so few answers. But it will be doing more than we may know in keeping God's children walking steadfastly with Him and finding their "songs in the night."

"Lord, teach us to pray . . . that the multitudes of China may be delivered from the old idolatries and the new."

V. *Unfinished Symphonies*

In heaven there will be no unfinished symphonies. Even here on earth, though beyond our range of hearing, the music goes on to completion. With God nothing is left unfinished forever. But at times we hear a fragment of a tune and it is not given us to hear the rest. This is particularly true in the field of literature. A tract, a magazine, a book is given forth and we cannot follow to the quiet spot where that book is read and God works in the soul. It is enough for us to know that the clear sweet notes of salvation, praise, and faith will be drawn forth by Him who directs the symphony.

THE CHRISTIAN WITNESS PRESS

A CHRISTIAN TRACT is often the first or early link with the "man on the street," and because it is the first chord that is struck we seldom hear the complete symphony. But these first chords have power to awaken our hearts to climbing expectant prayer. Each day an average of 15,000 Christian Witness Press (publishing house of the China Inland Mission) tracts are distributed in all languages. Let us follow a few of these.

* * *

A missionary from Taiwan recounts the following incident. "I was on the platform waiting for a train when a young soldier came up to me and asked where I was going. When the train came, he took my case and put it through a window to secure seats for us both. After I had distributed tracts on the train we talked together and I found that though he wasn't a Christian he had a

Christian friend who apparently had impressed him. I gave him a copy of *Safety, Certainty, and Enjoyment*. Later, realizing that he could also read English, I gave him an English copy of the same booklet, suggesting that he compare the two, thus underlining the message in his own mind. He decided to extend his journey to a point a half-hour farther along the line so that we could continue talking." What happened after he got off the train? We do not know. Notes of wistful longing were struck in his heart but to us it is an unfinished symphony.

* * *

A Christian from Formosa reminisces: "Three years ago I was living in Taipei. I was not a Christian, and I did not have time to go to church. I was busy with school work in the mornings and with business in the afternoons and evenings. One day on the

street someone gave me a tract. I read it with interest, and rather than throw it away, I decided to hand it on to someone else.

"'You must be a Christian,' said the man who received it.

"'No,' I replied, 'I am not a Christian.'

"'Well, I am,' he said, and proceeded to press the gospel message upon me.

"This was my first contact with Christianity. Shortly afterward I was converted."

* * *

With such glimpses, we see that God is using and blessing the printed page. It was several years ago that we began to realize how important literature was to the program of getting the gospel out in these lands. Reaching innumerable people outside the sphere of one's influence because of language or distance, these paper missionaries slip quietly into the place of need for the God who can fill that need.

"Dengta" Magazine

To look at the reading matter on an ordinary bookstand in the Far East is to be unconsciously polluted. To read it is to become willfully so. A magazine slanted to the millions of Chinese who, having no or little interest in Christianity, yet have an insatiable hunger for reading material was the vision laid upon the hearts of one or two and then of all the CWP staff. Conscious that the

field was a competitive one and the bookstalls were already overflowing, we wondered if such a magazine as the one envisaged would sell. If people did not buy it they would not read it, and if it were not read how could eternal results be expected? But consumer value was not our basic question. Was the Lord calling us to this new step? *That* was what we *had* to know. As time wore on it was revealed to us that it was His voice we were hearing. Confident of that, we moved forward joyfully. There was no need to fret. The responsibility was now His. This new project called for new consecration as it threw us afresh upon His resources.

The magazine needed a name. The Chinese name *Dengta* was chosen, which means "Light-house." It was chosen with great desire that month by month it might cast its rays of light into that vast sea of darkness in Chinese hearts around the world.

But more than it needed a name, *Dengta* needed a Chinese editor to work with Mr. Bartell, the Western editor, a missionary from the C & M A on loan to us for this special ministry. A well qualified Chinese editor was essential. But our Father had long before seen this need and had been tuning the instrument to take his part in this capacity. Let us listen to fragments of the Editor's testimony.

We first catch a glimpse of Mr. Liu in Pakistan. During his time in India his most important work

was as an editor of a Chinese newspaper. (Experience in journalism! The instrument was being tuned.)

Earlier in his life Mr. Liu had had strong anti-Christian convictions and had written poems ridiculing the Christian faith and denying the existence of the soul. But a subtle mystery about life in India made materialism a belief strangely difficult to maintain, and he came to believe that there must be a God. So he began, in that land of many religions, to study religion. One by one he reviewed them all, finding points of attraction in each. When he borrowed his first Christian book on the Life of Christ, he said that "bed was neglected and food was forgotten." A message was beginning to grip him.

The days in Pakistan rolled wearily on. Without his usual editorial tasks, far from family and friends, he began to be heavy of heart. Thus rich in time and poor in spirit he turned more and more to reading. And it was the Bible and Christian books to which he turned with increasing frequency.

During a time of spiritual exercise, he turned one day into a bookshop where he was beginning to be well known. The salesman picked up a second hand, broken-backed volume and pushed it across the counter to Mr. Liu.

"Now here's something you should have!"

"Have you read it yourself?"

"Well, no."

"Then why offer it to me?"

"I think it's a good book and it

should interest you because it's about China."

Mr. Liu picked it up and looked at the faded title, *Hudson Taylor, The Man Who Believed God*, by Marshall Broomhall. It looked as though it might be interesting, so he decided to take it.

Back in his room he turned to the first page and began to read. He soon discovered that this was no ordinary book. The more he read, the more it enthralled him. One particular passage came to him as a direct word from God in answer to his spiritual problem. But there was more than that in this remarkable book. As he read on, a picture of true greatness began to unfold before him. He read of Hudson Taylor, a young missionary with a strong unwavering trust in God and with a deep, active love for China; he saw how the more this life was given up for God and for China, the more it abounded; how the less it sought its own glory, the more glorious it became; and the words, "Whosoever will lose his life for My sake shall find it," became full of meaning. Tears began to fall; Mr. Liu was finding a new future. The Master Tuner had made ready His instrument.

Shortly after this Mr. Liu returned to Hong Kong. Now that he has taken his place as co-editor of *Dengta* we increasingly thank God for the gifts he brings to the work. Well versed in the classics, yet trained in the newspaper art of presenting matter in the clearest and most interesting

style, Mr. Liu is one of God's good gifts to the CWP.

But how are these copies of *Dengta* faring as they are scattered over the earth? Letters that reach the Editor's desk answer that question in part.

A letter from one in Taiwan who received a gift subscription says, "However did you come to send this magazine to me? I am a backslider. I had forgotten God and thought He had forgotten me, but now I see that cannot be. After thinking carefully, it seems to me that it must have been sent by one of these three friends of former days." (Here were given three names.) "Could you possibly send me their present addresses?"

Now the magazine wants to be helpful, but in a city of some three million people, how does one go about tracking down three Chinese? That same night a young man came to see the Editor on a matter of business. It transpired that he was none other than the person who had sent the magazine to the reader in Taiwan! Further, he knew the other two friends, so next day the Editor was able to send off the three addresses. This may well be the beginning of the full restoration of a backslider.

Another copy of the colorful magazine found its way to a combined coffee shop and lodging house in Malaya. There it lay, dog-eared, coffee-stained, and well read. The good woman of the shop said, "Oh, they have all been reading it, and say it is very good." So Mrs. Stead left them another copy!

From the United States comes this word: "One Chinese pastor found the strip cartoons helpful in explaining the gospel to an elderly Chinese woman unable to read either English or Chinese, whereas the young intelligentsia in the church are profiting very much from the articles."

But not all letters that come to the Editor are happy ones. There was one very gruff note full of suspicion concerning motives and qualifications of the magazine's staff. We considered that our best reply was a copy of the first issue, and so we sent this gentleman a complimentary copy. His reply was equally simple—three yearly subscriptions for the magazine!

While Hong Kong is the hub of the literature work, there are CWP centers also in the Philippines, Thailand, Malaya, Singapore, and Taiwan.

These places are busy places. To begin with, copy must be forthcoming, either in the national language or in English to be translated. This is a vibrant and a constant need. Many of the converts in these fields are young in Christian experience and are not yet ready to "teach others also" by the printed page. And material which is written first in English needs a skilled translator to put it into idiomatic Thai, Tagalog, Tamil, or some other national language. So these centers are busy with the tedious but so necessary tasks that lie behind

the scenes. "A little thing is a little thing, but faithfulness in a little thing is a very great thing." In the multitudinous small tasks that face our CWP workers daily, their faithfulness is a joy to us all.

In Kuala Lumpur, Malaya, the Evangelical Book Center, distributing channel for CWP literature, has subdivided into a "roving bookstore" as well. But therein lies a tale. Mrs. McIntosh tells it.

"Evangel Book Center took a forward step by purchasing a small second hand Austin-8 Van to be used as a mobile bookstore. But who was to take charge of the van? Obviously a Chinese able to speak English and several different Chinese dialects was needed. And not only that, but he must also be a Christian man with a desire to win men for Christ, a man with a business head and a zeal for Christ in his heart.

"God had such a man ready, but the story of his preparation began long ago. Away in one of China's coastal provinces, a devoted missionary pitied and adopted as his own, a little Chinese lad. He was brought up with his own son, later visiting England and other places around the world. Afterward he settled in Malaya, married, and ran his own business for years. But while his business prospered, he had coldness toward God in his heart. When the business suffered adversity, the Lord's child began to turn back to Him. He was gradually led toward Christian work,

and was prepared when the time came for the new task at Evangel Book Center."

So the cords are being lengthened and Christian literature is beginning to reach the villages. But the van and its driver need to be continually covered by prayer as they move about amidst dangers seen and unseen.

A bookstore holds more opportunities than merely the selling of books. There is always the joy of personal witness and testimony. In Kuala Lumpur a teenaged lad came in looking for a certain book for his school. The workers felt constrained to speak to him about his personal salvation. That was the beginning! Now that lad, who comes out of a completely non-Christian home, gives every evidence of being a believer. Boldly he goes out with others openly witnessing for Christ, and is eager that the people in his home should come to the Lord Jesus too.

* * *

"Yes, March 5th was a big day in Calapan," writes Betty Paeth from the Philippines, "and a big day for the whole island of Mindoro, for it was the day that the Good News Book Center opened its bright red doors, ready at last to offer the open Book to the man on the street. March 5th—vision realized! But let us go back several years to the time when the vision was born. There were just a handful of CIM missionaries in Mindoro at that time but they

were impressed with one great need—as soon as possible they must get the Bible and good Christian literature into the hands of the man on the *karsada* (street). These people from whom Rome had so long taken its sad toll must have the open Book, and they must have it now.

“But how? The logical answer, of course, was to have a bookstore in a strategic center where anyone could come and in coming find an open Book. But such a thing could not be set up for the wishing, no matter how desperate the need. A full two years passed and there was constant prayer and waiting upon God for His will. It seemed as if the plan and hope for a bookstore had made no progress at all. But then God’s time arrived and things began to happen quickly. Mr. Bryce Gray from the CWP in Hong Kong came and added his counsel and encouragement toward the realization of our vision. About the same time Mr. Castillo, the Christian Filipino who had shared with us right along in our burden, offered us a strategic street-front shop *rent free*. Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Johnston, just returning to the Philippines from furlough in Ireland, were prepared in their hearts to embrace this opportunity of managing a bookstore. When God’s

time comes, nothing can prevent His purposes from being accomplished!

“The opening day was really not anything sensational or great. When the red doors swung open at half past eight in the morning there were not flocks of people waiting outside to stampede the shop. But throughout the day, quietly and unobtrusively, the man on the street slipped in and out of the shop; some lingered in the reading room at the back and read the gospel message; others bargained with Mr. Johnston at the counter in an effort to get that peso Testament for only eighty centavos! Sales the first day were not startling or record breaking, but as Mr. Johnston closed shop at nine o’clock that night, he was glowing with praise—the man on the street had bought the Gospel of John; the man on the street had bought a *Bagon Tipan* (New Testament); the man on the street had lingered in the reading room and had read *Four Things God Wants You to Know*; the man on the street had invested in the Book!”

“Blest Word of God, send forth thy light

O’er every land and every sea
Till all who wander in the night
Are led to God and Heaven by thee.”

VI. *The Same Breath*

"The same breath is blown into flute, cornet, and bagpipe, but different music is produced according to the different instruments" (Sundar Singh). Evangelism, medical work, Bible teaching and other branches of Christian service are but tuneless instruments until they are permeated by the Breath of God. But when that happens, the waiting world is moved by the majesty and power of the resultant music. From the instrument called "Medical Work" we have often heard pulsating throbbing notes of compassion resolve into a pattern that is soft, majestic, moving. We recognize that music as from God.

MEDICAL WORK

"I MUST care for this girl's ulcers today," said Nurse Barbara Morgan as she looked at the pitiful girl of seventeen who had just emerged from the grass hut where she lived alone. Poor lass! No fingers, throat infected, sores on her feet, a mind dulled by the disease—and no one cared!

Miss Carmen Newman gives us more details of this visit. "Never shall we forget the impression made on the people of that village when Barbara touched the leprous girl. I explained that even though the nurse was doing good, yet this goodness will not take her to heaven. They were surprised, for they are slow to believe that anyone would do this sort of thing unless she were trying to gain merit.

"One lady turning to another said, 'No Thai person has ever done anything like this for the child!' These people are amazed at the love of God shown through

Barbara, and even though they may not be able to define it, yet I believe it has arrested their interest enough for them to read the sets of Gospels which they so eagerly bought."

The leprosy work in Central Thailand has mushroomed. As clinics began to open here and there in the area, an avalanche of patients descended upon the few nurses carrying on. In Uthai alone, registrations soared to more than six hundred active cases with another five hundred children who are on preventive treatment.

The *sala* where the patients are treated is but a straw roof supported by wooden posts and bamboo laths. It has a few benches and a table. Built out in the midst of the lovely green rice fields, it is well away from the staring eyes and shudders of the village people. A hive of activity buzzes all about during the clinic session.

Several Christian patients voluntarily assist the nurses. "Up in the front at a table is a twelve-year-old beggar boy playing the gospel records in Thai, while another patient leads the singing. And still another has enough courage to explain a picture telling of Jesus. A woman patient is anxious that every newcomer buy a set of Gospels. There is a huddle of Christians over a Bible as the answer to one of the questions in the Bible Study Course is studied."

From this group there comes a nucleus whose hearts the Lord has touched and who gather together each Sunday to worship Him. Miss Jessie Woodward tells of one of these services.

"A group of about sixteen or seventeen patients had gathered and their faces, many of them marred by the disease, lit up as they greeted us. Mr. Roy Ferguson in a cheery voice said, 'Good morning, brothers and sisters,' for probably all were Christians. One of the patients led the service, but finding their places in hymnbooks and Bibles takes time, for some have only stumps or no fingers at all, but they helped one another. They enjoyed singing hymns, especially *Jesus Loves Me*. Can you imagine what it means to a poor, despised leprosy patient to know that Jesus, God's Son, loves him? Another favorite is *There'll be no dark valley when Jesus comes*, and one of the verses says, 'There'll be no

more sickness when Jesus comes.' Hope and joy have come into the lives of these pitiable people since they trusted in Jesus."

Mr. Leslie Stead tells of the leprosy church gathering together their offering for the Lord. It was 30 baht (about \$1.40 U.S.). Many of them are very poor and some are beggars. Although the Lord was pleased with the alabaster box of precious ointment, He was equally pleased by the two small mites of the widow in the treasury. To give Him pleasure is what matters. And these leprosy patients are beginning to walk that happy path.

Manorom Christian Hospital

Chaiwat strode forward. There was a gentleness about him, but he had something to say to this group of Christians gathered in the new hospital on this first day after its opening and this was his opportunity. The meeting had just been opened for the testimony of any who cared to participate. Chaiwat was determined not to miss his chance.

There were a number of missionaries in the congregation (having gathered the previous day for the opening of the Hospital) and they wondered what Chaiwat would say. For two years he had been the registrar in the medical clinic at Inburi, several hours' journey down the river. Dr. Clarence Yand, working closely with him, had long prayed and yearned for this young Thai man,

but so far there had been no evident response to the message of the gospel.

Chaiwat smiled as he began slowly, "For two years I have been considering Christianity. I have watched the missionaries in Inburi. I know that some people profess Christ just because they work for missionaries. Others 'join the Christians' religion' because they want a closer contact with the foreigner in order to improve their English. But for two years I have only watched."

He paused. Everyone was listening intently. It was not often they were allowed such a candid view of the heart and thinking processes of the Thai. The missionaries knew, of course, that each of their words and actions were watched and evaluated and that they constantly stood before the bar of judgment in the nationals' eyes.

Just at this point two saffron-robed Buddhist priests entered the waiting room where the meeting was being held. They had come for medical treatment, but realized they would have to wait until the service was over before they could receive treatment. Drawing their robes more closely around them, they sat down on the front bench—the only empty seats available. Sidelong glances from some in the crowd revealed only impenetrable faces beneath their closely shaven heads.

Chaiwat continued: "Recently I spent several weeks in the Buddhist priesthood. I went in to gain merit for my dead grand-

mother, and to see if Buddhism had that which could answer the questions that were beginning to arise in my heart. When I came out three weeks later, I knew that Buddhism could never meet my heart-longings and I knew that only Christ could satisfy me." And he finished up triumphantly, "I am just now beginning to believe in Him." As he thus ended his testimony, the joy of his heart shone out from his face. This was holy ground. The bells of heaven rang. The angels were rejoicing. Little wonder that tears of joy filled the eyes of the missionaries, who had listened with grateful hearts. They had waited two years for this precious fruit!

Chaiwat's profession of faith was one of the triumphs of the opening day of the Hospital, but all during the long months of blueprints, building, and preparation it was "a year of singular education in faith and the faithfulness of God. That is true not only for the missionaries, but also for Thai Christians and before the unbelieving local inhabitants," writes Dr. Christopher Maddox.

From the very early days it was evident that God's hand was upon the hospital program in a unique way. It was necessary that the plans be passed by government officials before proceeding with building operations, but constant hindrances seemed to arise. The plans were redrawn and resubmitted. During those days property was being sought. At one time the negotiations were all but

finalized when just at the last moment they decided on still another site—at Manorom. And after this decision was made, the hindrances melted. It seemed God's seal on the plot chosen.

But these days of working closely over the plans were not without their spiritual fruit, for it was then that the architect was led into the love and salvation of God. During the months of working in close proximity with Christians he grew in the grace and knowledge of the Lord Jesus Christ and on the opening day an illustrated brochure that he had written was distributed to each of the guests. It gave an account of the CIM, the origin and purpose of the Hospital, an explanation of the gospel, and his own personal testimony.

The Hospital sits in the midst of a rice field. In the distance are some low mountains, and in the nearby fields cows and water buffalo wander about picturesquely after the rice is harvested. The hospital buildings consist of three wings which house the outpatients' department, operating and X-ray department and the general ward with sixteen beds. There are also two staff houses, a laundry, electric powerhouse, garage, and workshop. To list them thus sounds dull indeed, but as those at Manorom watched the building take shape, each small step called forth praise to Him who "humbles Himself to behold the things on earth" and whose thumbprint is found on the smallest detail of those things con-

cerning His children. Heavy rains, reducing the entry track across the rice fields to a quagmire, were not encouraging, but day by day the work went on.

The days were also filled with those little human happenings that go to make life full, rich, or frustrating in turn. Mr. Leslie Stead, who offered his knowledge of electricity and X-ray technique to the Lord and to the work at the Hospital, has gathered a few of these incidents.

"Most things take an amazingly long time to complete. You say ten inches, show them ten inches on a ruler, draw ten inches on a piece of paper, give them a sample in wood, and after all that, you get the finished article back anything from seven to thirteen inches long. You also repeat a number of times that you want five of them and they bring three, or it may be eight or nine!

"Flies, mosquitoes and other creatures are terrible. We all take Paludrin, the anti-malarial drug, daily. The street children who come in several evenings a week really sing well. One evening we got them to act the Pool of Bethesda scene and what a scramble there was to be first in the pool when the water (a mat) moved!

"A man in his thirties was converted ten days ago. He had a series of dreams in which he heard a Christian preacher dealing with some problems that he had. A message Roy Ferguson gave closely fitted with these subjects and clinched the matter for

him. The man told Mr. Aphorn, the business manager of the Hospital, of his decision at once. Things certainly do happen here."

But by the morning of the opening, things were far from completed. The large X-ray unit hadn't arrived; the space for the autoclave was still empty; surgical instruments were not on the shelves, and there was not a single bed in the place! Even though these items had arrived in Thailand and had been passed by customs officials they were still left lying in the warehouse because of inability to arrange for transportation. At this point everyone buzzed with plans and before long a special truck was dispatched from Manorom to go to Bangkok, load the equipment, and hurry back. There would be just enough time. The hours wore on and then a telegram arrived saying that the truck had broken down and would not be able to make the delivery! Apart from prayer the situation was absolutely hopeless.

It was with them as it was with Paul years ago. "When all hope . . . was taken away," then came the message, "Be of good cheer." God's omnipotence is on our side in the midst of every difficulty. It was fifteen minutes before noon on the opening day that the miracle happened. We'll let Mr. Faulkner tell of it.

"As we were putting up the marquee and doing other odd jobs, a truck piled with twelve large packing cases pulled up into the

driveway. (At the last minute Guy Longley in Bangkok had surmised what had happened and had set things in motion from his end.) Then everyone helped to unload and unpack. It was grand to see all the missionaries, visiting Thai preacher, friends, and hospital staff working together to get everything unloaded, unpacked, and set up in those precious three or four hours. While the men were unpacking, the nurses helped to carry in the beds and set them up in the wards. We were thankful that there were no accidents as we struggled to unload cases, some of which weighed nearly half a ton. Of course we had no special unloading equipment."

God had done the impossible, and the Hospital was duly opened by the Governor of the province of Chainat, and the ministry of compassion began to flow to the needy in body and soul in that area.

Each morning everything stops during the daily evangelistic service which is held in the outpatients' department. A converted actor, Samyong, is very zealous in this ministry and already a number of the staff are joining in the ministry of preaching and singing.

The strains of music from the medical work are being diffused to others. There have already been those drawn to Christ by that music and forgetting the instrument, they remember only the delightful melody of Him. And we would ever have it so.

VII. *Garments of Praise*

"If our garments of praise are not to wear thin, or our feet tire before the end of the journey, whatever disappointments meet us on the road, we must sing."

A. CARMICHAEL

JAPAN

"MOVING? But where are you going, Mr. Ishii?" asked Mr. Douglas Abrahams with a sinking heart. Mr. Ishii had been a Christian only one week and it was hard to think of his moving away from Christian teaching and fellowship that would help him grow. If only he could stay in Shizunai!

"I'm moving to Atsuga," was the reply.

Atsuga! The name called up memories. Memories of a bitterly cold winter day when a group of missionaries visited this small coastal village and left a tract in each home. Later they had held an impromptu children's meeting in an old building, but as far as was known, not one Christian lived in Atsuga. Months had passed since that initial visit and although prayer was made for this village, they had never been able to return. And now, a new Christian was moving there. Would the new song that the Lord had given him faint away into silence?

Two months later another man knocked at the door of the home in Shizunai.

"My name is Itoo," he said, introducing himself, "I want to learn about God."

The invitation of the Lord to such as seek Him is, "Learn of me, for I am meek and lowly in heart and ye shall find rest unto your souls." This message was faithfully proclaimed to Mr. Itoo.

"Where do you live, Mr. Itoo?"

Douglas finally asked him.

"I have an electrician's shop in Atsuga," he answered.

Atsuga! There it was again! Were purposes of God being worked out for this village?

"But how did you hear of us?" asked Doug wonderingly.

"At the beginning of the year you visited my town," he said, "and brought a pamphlet to each house. That message intrigued me and ever since I have been determined to visit you. Now I have come."

The following Thursday Mr. Itoo joined us in the service which was held at Mr. Ishii's home in Atsuga. But in the intervening days, Satan had already begun to attack this young man struggling toward the light. He refused the Bible that was brought for him, but during the hymn singing his attitude suddenly changed and he said with decision, "I want that Bible." Leaning forward he grasped it, and then, embarrassed,

didn't know where to begin or what to say.

"Suppose we begin at the beginning," suggested Mr. Abrahams. "In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth." And for the next two hours the pages of their Bible turned to unfold the story of divine provision for sinful man.

A cold winter day . . . tracts given out . . . many months of waiting . . . and then, a soul groping after the Divine Seeker. Ah yes, whatever disappointments meet us on the road, we must sing, for the God of hope—and the Fulfiller of those hopes—is with us.

Tent Meetings

Summer months in Japan are ones in which the evangelistic tent is kept busy moving from place to place. Miss Jackie Slining tells us of the campaign in Kanagi.

"From the second day, the tent was full every night. What caused the people to come? The announcements they received in their newspapers? The invitations and tracts handed them at their doors, in shops, on the street? The loud-speaker which broadcast the message for blocks away? No, we feel they were drawn by the Holy Spirit. Thirty-one stayed to the after-meetings, indicating their desire to trust the Saviour. Who are they? Two elderly grandfathers, a man who makes Japanese clogshoes, a widow from a rubber

stamp shop, a noodle-maker, two farmers, a nurse, two hairdressers, ten students, and other ordinary everyday folk. How abundantly the Lord has answered prayer! Now our prayer is that they may be established and bound together in His love."

From Miss Thelma Brown we learn of a difficult time in Hirosaki before the campaign.

"We have met with the Lord day after day asking Him to save souls, to strengthen Christians and to glorify His Name. Days, weeks, months passed. It was most unusual for people to call on us. There was no sense of sin or need evident, and the Christians seemed to grow cold. Those who appeared to be near the kingdom would suddenly 'disappear.' It took nearly a week of precious study time to prepare a sermon, but rarely did we have even one with whom to share it. I was tempted to doubt the Lord's power, yet His word came, 'Is anything too hard for the Lord?'"

"When I received word of my transfer to another station, I was challenged to pray more earnestly for souls to be saved. The following Saturday, ten of the students in the high school Bible class said they wanted to believe. What rejoicing!

"Then the campaign drew near. Hirosaki was a hard place; what would the Lord do? For weeks we had prayed. We saw His hand in all the preliminary plans. Out of the number dealt with, twelve-

people were converted and others want to know more. We are still receiving replies from some who accepted tracts. Three of these seem to be believing. He has saved souls; He has strengthened Christians; He has glorified Himself."

From Hachinohe we have this word: "The children's meeting was always packed out, averaging two hundred in attendance. At the adult gatherings the tent was often full, but with more women than men. Watanabe San, the evangelist, preached the Word with power and always followed it with a strong appeal to believe in Christ the risen Saviour. There was no pressing for decisions but during this time some did truly believe.

"We rejoice in some of the results of the campaign--increase in attendance at service, and increase in interest; and it is good to have people coming to our door inquiring about the Way of Life. There is also an increase in spiritual growth of some of our believers. Miss Iwafuji seemed prepared of God and is truly born again, and so glad to witness for Him. She said, 'This morning when I got up I wanted to do some work for Jesus. I'm so glad I can give out tracts and help this afternoon.' In all of the follow-up we desire to be led of the Lord that there will be fruit that will remain."

From Miss Mary Milner in Sapporo we hear: "It is truly marvelous what the Lord has been

doing. It is early yet to know the reality of the twenty or so who have professed conversion, but all continue to attend and some show marked growth. Our work here has not been 'born' easily and we still have difficulties to surmount. But we do thank God for the fine qualities of the two leaders of the group."

In speaking of a meeting at Tsurata, Mr. Abe Friesen says, "It was the first time the gospel had been preached in that small town which has the reputation for being the Gomorrah of the plain. *Yet there was fruit.*"

Our God will watch over His Word. "Your labor . . . not vain." "My Word . . . not void." Because of that firm assurance we can afford to sing.

* * *

Summer tent meetings are a time of joy, yet perhaps it is a measured joy, for we have known some of the keen disappointments that can follow. Young converts around whom missionaries have slipped back into the power of evil. This blow falls heavily on the shepherd-heart that desires to lead them to Him. Here are a few echoes of such disappointing days.

"One who was a promising leader has deliberately turned aside."

"Of those saved, one was able

to attend the conference . . . but has since fallen away."

"In looking back, it would seem there has been a going back instead of a going forward. Of the ten or so high school students who made profession in the tent meetings only two are faithful in attendance at the weekly meetings."

"We were to see these young people through ups and downs, through times of blessing and times of testing. Right at the beginning, one who seemed the brightest of the group fell away. This shook the others."

"One young man, who had seemed to be the most faithful, became mentally unbalanced and had to be hospitalized."

But "love is a stout-hearted soldier. She can pick up her cross and trudge on"—and if we listen carefully we can hear, even in this valley, a song of trust, commitment, and hope.

Best Book of the Year

For the past nine years a leading Tokyo newspaper has organized a day of culture when a prize of 50,000 yen is given for the best book of the year, and a bronze plaque presented to the publishers. This is sponsored by about fifty prominent men, all distinguished in science, literature, and art. Last year some 20,000 books were submitted. The Japanese Bible Society entered a copy of the Bible which they have just published in the modern colloquial language. All but 350 entries were

eliminated and of these the Bible was the leading favorite, and finally was voted the best book of the year. Then arose the question of the prize to the author. This obviously presented a difficulty so they created a special category for it, giving the Bible first place, while the prize was given to the next in order. The plaque was presented to the Bible Society, who proudly display it on their front premises. Newspapers have given much comment to this and the Bible has gained publicity.

Kanagi Sewing School

Gomen Kudasai—"May I come in?" Whoever can be calling at six in the morning? wondered Miss Thelma Brown and Miss Jackie Slining as they scurried to receive their early morning guest. It was Miss Narumi, one of the thirty girls from the surrounding towns who were learning to plan, pin, baste, and stitch in the sewing school that was held on the first floor of the house where these missionaries lived. Miss Narumi had been converted only a year and had come early in the morning to learn more of her Saviour's message. So hungry was she that for five or six mornings a week she would come and, as the others heard the singing of hymns, they too desired to join the little group which met upstairs. The meeting was changed to the noon hour and soon a group of six to twelve students and one of the sewing teachers were meeting together, blending their voices in joyful

hymns. One afternoon Thelma and Jackie felt especially burdened for two of the girls and after the meeting they concentrated prayer in behalf of Miss Ebina and Miss Sakomoto.

"About four that same afternoon Miss Narumi again called, '*Gomen Kudasai?*' (May I come in?)" writes Miss Slining. "As they talked with us, Miss Ebina shared with us the joy she had found in accepting Christ as her Saviour that very afternoon. Miss Narumi's joy was comparable, for just one year ago that week she had first put her trust in Christ and she was thrilled at the 'birthday present' the Lord had given her."

Seeing the eagerness with which these two girls studied their Bibles once or twice a day was a joy to these missionaries. Miss Ebina was baptized about a month later and as she mused over the Lord's workings in her life she said, "I entered the sewing school on July 16th, didn't I? And it was August 16th that I received the Lord Jesus Christ as my Saviour. Then on September 16th I was baptized." The Lord graciously allowed her Christian

life to grow rapidly. "I don't think I have ever seen a life so completely transformed in such a short time," wrote a fellow Christian about her at this time. But the Lord knew that soon she would be cut off from all Christian fellowship. Her home is far from Kanagi and even if missionaries went to see her, her family would not release her from the rice-harvesting and other farm work. Her only Christian contact now is with Miss Narumi by letter. But the Lord is with her to strengthen her.

* * *

The challenge of the children of Japan is ever before us, and meetings are planned with just them in view. Miss Eva Glass tells of one of the lads from their Sunday school who was standing with a crowd of others looking at a picture of the cross in the front window. He was explaining in detail who the various people in the picture were and that it depicted the death of the Lord Jesus. Then he paused and added triumphantly, "But although He died, He is living now, for on the third day He arose from the dead!"

"My God, my King
Thy praise I sing
My soul the concert join
Till all around
Shall catch the sound
And mix their hymns with mine."
H. L. LYTE

VIII. *Wrought Into Song*

"Next to theology I give to music the highest place and honor. And we see how David and all the saints have wrought their godly thoughts into verse, rhyme, and song . . ."

LUTHER

PHILIPPINES (LOWLANDS)

TIRED and hot, the young missionary came into the house. Putting down her book and taking a drink of cold water, she said to her fellow-worker. "Well, that's my last class in the high school. I wonder if anyone had a heart tender toward the Lord. They all left so quickly today that I didn't get a chance to talk with anyone personally. The Lord can work—I must commit it to Him."

Just then there was a knock on the door and Miss Paeth put down her glass and went to open the door.

"Why Nora, do come in. I noticed you at class today and was so glad to see you there. Come, sit down and we can talk a little."

Nora's heart was racing, but she *had* to come. All term she had faithfully attended the Bible classes and during these months the Lord had been preparing her heart. The words came tumbling out.

"Miss Paeth, I want to be a Christian. I believe in Jesus, but He is not yet inside my heart. What shall I do?"

They bent together over God's Word and soon Nora opened her

heart and became a new creature in Jesus Christ.

But any step forward is marked by fresh assault. A low fear growled within her as others told her that since she was a Christian now the spirit of her dead grandmother would return and visit her at night. Only the Oriental mind knows the full terrifying tentacles of this fear. But the heart that trusts in Jesus has a way of escape and Nora quietly replied, "I'm not afraid now that I trust Jesus!"

* * *

In the Book that our Father has given us, we find the words, "Go ye therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost."

But before the happy day of baptism in Mamburao were long weeks of patient and painstaking teaching. At the examination of candidates, Mr. Cansino, himself one of the candidates, was asked to chair the meeting, which he did with dignity and grace. For four hours the questions and answers rose and fell. Although it is

impossible to weigh spiritual values in earthly scales, they wanted to be sure of the salvation of each who desired to take this step. Three days later the ordinance was observed. Obedience inevitably brings joy. To see that joy on the faces of the eight who were baptized was reward enough for those who had sought to lead them nearer Him.

* * *

There is no advance without conflict. As the spiritual movement gathers momentum, the opposition to it increases in force. When God begins to deliver souls from bondage, that bondage tightens its grip and the struggle rises. In the Philippines the struggle is often with the forces of Romanism with its tentacles reaching out for power and political prestige. Let us glance at this struggle in one or two stations. Mr. Neville Cooper from Calapan writes of a young Filipino: "This lad is very well acquainted with the gospel message and declares that he is definitely born again. About two months ago, however, he found himself suddenly in the hospital, but to his great delight his *Amerikano* friend visited him each day. But that joy was turned to consternation on his last day in the hospital when the priest came in and found him talking to a Protestant missionary. The result is that the lad has scarcely been near us since then. As long as our work is concentrated on the few Protestants in the area, the Ro-

manists are quite friendly, but as soon as we appear to be influencing any of their flock, the reaction is swift and effective."

On All Saints Day many Catholics in the Philippines wended their way to the cemeteries, laden with flowers, decorations and candles. Tarrying by the graves, they recited prayers for the departed souls. Miss Elly van der Linden took the opportunity to stand outside a little Roman Catholic cemetery giving out tracts as the people came out. She writes of that experience: "After a while the priest came out of the cemetery and asked me if I was not ashamed to give my literature out on church property. I explained that I did not realize that particular plot belonged to the church and I moved on to the roadside where I could give tracts to passersby as well as to the folk coming from the graves. Later two priests came and collected the tracts from the kiddies standing around me."

From Paluan we get a similar sad note. "We have noticed a falling off in attendance of children," writes Mr. Clarence Vanstone. "We feel this comes from pressure by the priest. I suppose the priest is afraid of losing some he counts as his members. Just this last Sunday, when Mrs. Vanstone was praying in the class downstairs, a little boy who is sacristan of the priest came into our yard and tried to coax the children to go with him to buy candy, and he was holding a peso bill in his

hand. I saw the whole thing through the upstairs window but said nothing. The Lord overruled and all the children remained in the meeting. We know that children don't have that much money in this place, so we think an adult was using the boy. Later the boy came into the meeting, heard the story, and learned the memory verse. We thank the Lord that He is the one fighting on our behalf."

* * *

After the initial welcome to Bauan had spent itself, Mr. and Mrs. Lockhart noticed that the regular Bible class dwindled. Among the few that remained there was one man who seemed more than curiously interested. Mr. Castor came regularly and one evening said, "It seems as if I am beginning to see the Truth." But to see "men as trees walking" is not enough. As he learned more, his understanding was enlarged and he received Jesus Christ as Saviour. It takes courage to stand for the Lord in such a Romanist country, but Mr. Castor was not

lacking in this. Having asked Mr. Lockhart for a gospel poster, he put it up near his home only to have someone tear it down a few hours later. Dauntless, he tried again, hiring a man to come with a ladder and put up two in the place of the one destroyed. Well out of reach, the posters remained as a silent testimony.

"Are you really born again, Mr. Castor?" asked a skeptical friend.

"That is very definite," was the ready, clear reply.

Wrought into song—only our dear Maker of Music who has wrought all our works in us, can bring forth wrought song. For today, as of old, He can—

"Tune Him a music from the Sons of Thunder,
Forge and transform our passion into power."

This is our prayer for these in the Philippines—that their love and their passion may be forged into a powerful testimony to His goodness and grace.

On with the Message, On with the fight,
On to the regions still shrouded in night
On to the peoples who never have heard
On with the Life-giving, soul-saving Word!

IX. *Tune Thou My Harp*

"Tune Thou my harp, that I may play
Thy melody in harmony" —A. C.

Ah, "in harmony"—therein lies the test of sainthood! Anyone can strike up a tune, a melody, but the playing of a single instrument is often strident and hard to the ear. But as other instruments join the music, He who leads us hears that exquisite movement and interplay of melody that so lifts the hearts of those who listen. It may well be, that to One accustomed to music, like our Lord Jesus, the ear deliberately listens and thrills to the minor strain and beauty that the harmony brings out. Tune us, dear Lord, that we may play "Thy melody IN HARMONY."

TAIWAN (FORMOSA)

IN TAIWAN (Formosa) we depend much on our creators of harmony, for there we have no work of our "own"—that is, no work which has been initiated and nurtured solely by the CIM. It was felt that God's pattern there was along a different line—that of a close cooperation with the local existing Christian pastors or Christian workers. Thus our workers have gone to that land to work side by side with their Chinese brethren in the great task of spreading the gospel.

Miss Ruth Nowack, teamed with others, reaches out to the unreached as a loudspeaker blares: "Come everyone! Come quickly. See and hear something new and strange—a foreigner speaking Taiwanese. Listen to the good news they have to bring. It won't keep you up long. They will speak for only an hour." People run

from all directions to hear the missionary proclaim the fact that God has sent His Son into the world and it is up to them to do something about it. The interpreters sometimes speak alone, and sometimes interpret. Night crowds are the largest, and we find that between the hours of nine and eleven is by far the best time to preach in Taiwan. People eat about eight o'clock, then bathe, and afterward are ready to enjoy an evening."

From Tapei comes this story: Tall and proud, Mrs. Tung stood up on her tiny bound feet to greet Miss Jessie Ammonds. The greeting was polite—but distant. She had no desire to meet people from the Christian church, even if her daughter-in-law had taken on their strange ways. Was she not perfectly satisfied with her own religion? Had she not been a full-

time vegetarian for many years? Did she not have her own set of pans in the kitchen lest a spot of animal oil contaminate her? Vegetarian purity? As this old Manchurian Chinese woman stood by her idol shelf and greeted the missionary, she was quite satisfied with all her good works.

But Jessie was not to be daunted so easily and this was but the first of many weekly visits. Soon Mrs. Tung seemed to like her visits and chatted freely. In order to please her guest she learned to say the verse, "Jesus said, I am the way, . . . no man cometh unto the Father but by Me." And the living Word began to do its work.

One day it seemed Mrs. Tung was on the verge of finding out for herself that Jesus is "The Way," but when she was reminded that all else must go, she cried, "Oh no, I can't, I can't!" Soon after this she became very ill.

"Tell Miss Ai not to come see me any more. I don't want her doctrine." This was the message Mrs. Tung finally sent to Miss Ammonds. But God's servant could not dismiss her responsibility so easily. That evening the burden of Mrs. Tung's conversion lay heavily upon her heart.

"Next morning I was on the doorstep again with a keen Christian worker and a former Buddhist from another town, God's own provision," Miss Ammonds wrote. "That morning she turned Buddhism inside out before the old lady while I prayed solidly for one-and-a-half hours—and

God won. After we arrived, young Mrs. Tung, the Christian daughter-in-law, had gone to the doctor, and when she returned imagine her surprise to find the idolatrous stuff all burning in the front garden! The old lady herself had helped take it down and now sat there with all emblems of her former trust removed—a blank wall where the shrine had been, a table empty of idolatrous paraphernalia, but on the wrinkled face was a peace that told its own tale. Next day she ran out to greet Miss Ammonds with the words, 'Miss Ai, before I believed in Jesus I had no patience with you. How different now!' She began to study the simple little Gospel Reader beginning with 'I am a person. I am a sin-person,' and after reading three primers she began to read her Bible. The vegetarian vow is broken and many of the wrinkles have disappeared as better nourishment has filled out her face, and she rejoices in the knowledge of sin forgiven and peace with God."

Bible Teaching Ministry

The words "Short Term Bible School" began to take on new meaning to the spiritually hungry in Taiwan as they gathered together for these short periods of digging into the Word of God.

"It was a revelation to me," wrote one student to her teacher, Miss Kathleen Heath. This student with the others in a month of night school had done forty hours study on the book of Revelation!

Six university graduates, four of whom were normal school teachers, and two were sugar mill administrators, joined for concentrated Bible study. Four air-force officers, a college student, an office worker, two blind veteran soldiers, three schoolteachers and four housewives, all mothers (one with seven children!) completed the course.

During the Summer Bible School (this was its third year) a very vital part of the course was the guidance given for maintaining an effective Quiet Time day by day. Beginning at half-past six in the morning each student slips away quietly for half an hour of prayerful study of a specified Bible passage, seeking the answer to his own heart's need. Later in the morning the spiritual lessons are shared in small teacher-guided groups. Each one must participate by sharing one lesson he has gleaned for himself by personal prayerful meditation of the section allocated. The result is cumulative, producing an amazing impact on the group.

Student Work

In Kaohsiung, the focal point of labor has been among students and Mr. Wesley Milne and Mr. Frank Wuest have had a rich opportunity in reaching them. A number of them have come to the Lord in one of the eight classes held each week.

In planning for the first five-day Bible conference, Wes and Frank hoped they would have 40

register for this concentrated study of the Word, but four days before it began there were 225 registered; Each day an average of 130 attended and 14 professed to accept the Lord Jesus. Perhaps the greatest proof of their sincerity was their subsequent eager attendance at the regular meetings and their diligent memorization of Scripture.

As a result of studying the Bible, these students began to think seriously about ancestor worship, eating of food offered to idols, and other related subjects. Topics of conversation in the various schools were tinged with the Message also. Lunch hour provided an opportunity for spontaneous discussion among the students concerning the existence of God and His way of salvation. It was after one of these sessions that two boys sought out the missionaries to discuss spiritual things, having been impressed by the arguments they had heard from one of the Christian boys.

Turning from generalities, let us look at the story of one of these students. We see Fu Chieng-chung first in Shanghai where his mother died of tuberculosis in 1952. Since the Chinese communists were already in power, Student Fu's education was interrupted and he fled to Hong Kong. His comment on life in Hong Kong is, "I lived a hard life there which did a lot of damage to both my mind and body." The frustrations of life pressed upon him and he reached the conclusion that life

was "senseless, melancholy, and hopeless." Though only a boy of fifteen or sixteen at the time, he had decided that suicide was the only way out if the situation worsened. In a time of despair and sorrow, the moral teachings of Confucious and Buddha were but as broken reeds which crumpled beneath him.

Then he moved to Taiwan, where for over six months he listened to the teaching of Wes and Frank as they met week after week in Bible class. Slowly the light dawned on his confused and tangled thoughts and he realized that if life were ever to be lived happily and joyously, it must be through the strength of God and in fellowship with His Son.

The printed word also played its part in the life of this young man. At the close of an evening Bible class, Mr. Milne held up a copy of *Pastor Hsi* in Chinese, urging the students to read it. Recalling that Student Fu had already done this, he invited him to tell the class about it. The young man stood up in the midst of the fellows and gave quite a lengthy summary of the book. "He couldn't have done better if he had prepared," Mr. Milne declares. "He described the life of Hsi the Scholar and told of his prejudices before conversion. Then he told in detail how Hsi came to believe in Christ and what happened afterward. It was almost as if Fu were giving his own testimony—and I think perhaps he was! I rather think that his own decision for Christ was

clinched through reading that book."

Tribal Work

During the war a remarkable indigenous growth began in the Tyal tribe in Taiwan. A little old woman with a wrinkled face, whose Christianity had lain dormant since school days in Tainan, suddenly was set aflame by God and moved from village to village with the message of life. Persecution flowed from this attack on Enemy territory, but so did living churches of God.

From this tide of blessing, other tribes also heard the message with varying degrees of reception. When CIM missionaries entered Taiwan, they gave some help to three of the five tribes. Mrs. Kirkman tells of DVBS conferences held for workers from the Ami and Bunun tribes, for the purpose of training workers who would return to the villages with the message of Christian life and living.

"I felt the Lord was with us in both of these conferences in special blessing," says Mrs. Kirkman, "especially in the one with the Ami young people. From these forty Sundayschools about three thousand children are being reached. The reports following the conference show that many decisions were made. The greatest need for these tribal Christians is instruction on how to live as Christians. They are eager to hear, to listen, and to learn more of Christ."

Miss Ellen Giebel tells of similar eagerness among the Paiwan

tribe. " 'Come! Come! We're going to church!' shouted the children as they ran alongside the missionary teacher, each one helping to carry some of the teaching materials. As the children entered the little bamboo church and sat on the uneven wooden benches, heads were bowed in silent prayer—even the very young ones remembered to do this. Though we could not read their thoughts it was comforting to realize that God knew their hearts. He knew those who were really trusting the Lord Jesus as their Saviour and whose sins were forgiven. We could see only the figures of twenty or thirty boys and girls—small brothers and sisters, big brothers and sisters, black hair, sparkling eyes and dark sun-bronzed skin. How lustily they sang the hymns and choruses they had learned! Those days of DVBS were full days but happy as the children in five Paiwan villages experienced their first Daily Vacation Bible School. In each place there would be the ones and twos—the exceptionally bright boys or girls—who drank it all in and wanted more. A Timothy, Paul, or Peter? A Lydia or Dorcas? God knows!

"During those days in Paiwan villages one of the greatest blessings of all was to help a young Paiwan leader to search deeper into the Word of God. For three or four hours we pored over the Scripture, studying a passage verse by verse. He didn't want to stop, for he wanted more and more. It was all so new to him and so precious."

THE PESCADORE ISLANDS

"If the Lord sees fit to bring souls to Himself at the same rate in the coming months," missionary Arthur E. Beard "complained" from a growing work on the Pescadore Islands, "then the present accomodation will be inadequate before long. One year ago we were fortunate to have thirty-five irregular attenders; today there are over ninety-five present in our services." This work for Christ is among Mandarin-speaking Chinese nationals, chiefly servicemen. From time to time an entire change of troops brings a new mission field to our missionaries' door and carries away to other spots those who have found Christ. Owing to the special nature of the work and the rapid turnover, it has been necessary to give opportunities for baptism once every two months. Among the forty-five baptized this past year there have been very few disappointments. Some, having moved to other places, write back that they long to return to the fellowship in Makung, Pescadores. That may never be, but there will be a day when we shall meet again!

* * *

"With harps and with vials there
stands a great throng
In the presence of Jesus and sing
this new song
Unto Him who hath loved us and
washed us from sin
Unto Him be the glory for ever.
Amen."

X. *Burnt Offering with Song*

"When the burnt offering began, the song of the Lord began also with the trumpets and with instruments . . . and all these continued until the burnt offering was finished" (2 CHRON. 29:27, 28).

The sound of the trumpets and the music of the instruments is all that the casual ear of man will hear, but Abba's ear catches the deeper notes that are wrung from the 'burnt offering' experience. What does it matter if others do not hear or know of that experience. God sees, God knows—and the offering is unto Him.

TRIBAL WORK IN THE PHILIPPINES

Iraya

MR. BULAKLAK was the headman of an Irayan tribal village, but when he visited a Filipino home down on the lowlands he became very shy. One evening when gospel meetings were being held in a Filipino home, he perched under the table and listened raptly. So engrossed was he in the message that he quite forgot himself and edged out little by little from his place of hiding, with his eyes glued on the speaker.

Our next view of the headman is framed by the forest. The tall cool green of the jungle, the clear mountain stream, the solemn baptismal testimonies merge to form a picture of triumph and peace—a picture of which Mr. Bulaklak is a part.

After baptism came a time of testing. It is often that way. Satan does not easily release his prey. A

malignant tumor caused Mr. Bulaklak much pain and discomfort. His wife, also a believer, resorted to the heathen practice of applying the blood of a chicken to her sick husband to appease the evil spirit. But the sickness increased and the day came when a little procession carried him out of the village to a shelter in the hills. In tribal eyes death was imminent and they feared to allow him to die in the village lest the evil spirits lurk about with harmful results to others.

Week by week the missionaries climbed to the poor hill shelter and had a service with him. Both he and his wife seemed genuinely sorry because of their return to the heathen custom of sacrifice. Miss Betty Paeth supplies our next view of him:

"I have just returned from what will probably be my last

visit to our village headman. He was sleeping when I arrived. After he awoke, there was a particular quietness about him. He addressed me clearly. 'Miss Beti, I can't eat any more, I can't swallow. I am thirsty, but I can't drink. Jesus is coming soon to get me. I will be going away. Next time I drink, it will be at the crossing of the river Jordan.' A sweet and clear testimony of his simple faith! I sang to him, then we talked about John 14 and prayed. It was a peaceful service, and as I came back down that slippery trail it was with the sense that the next time I see him it will be in Glory."

And our last picture of him is one of victory. "This is a day of victory in tribal land. We have just come back from the funeral of our headman. I used 2 Corinthians 5 for the funeral service, and it was a thrill to see the joy and faith on the faces of the many tribal believers who gathered in the chapel. We went to the little spot in the jungle where the village graveyard is, and as we watched the grave being dug, our vice-headman pointed out the graves of other tribespeople—ones for whom the gospel came too late. Praise God, our headman believed the Word. His last days were days of great suffering but of proportionate grace and victory in Christ. What a joy to see the power of the gospel on the day of death—no one ran away in fear, no one suggested following any of their heathen customs, and no

one showed any indications of apprehension."

Buhid

The Buhid were one of the first of the Philippine tribes to be contacted by our missionaries, but long has been the time of waiting for spiritual fruit.

From the mountain station of Manihala, Miss Marie Barham and Miss Fay Goddard have visited Inew's village more than any other. The trips were long and arduous. The seed had been laboriously planted, but oh, it was taking so long to germinate! Finally Marie writes: "We believe the Lord is opening up hearts and causing the gospel to be more firmly grasped. Only today old Aghew, who has maintained quite a hardened attitude, came up here after doing business down at our neighbors'. The only reason I could see was that he wished to see more of the *Human Heart* posters. The Buhid expression for surprise and amazement is *Awe!*, and he kept uttering it again and again. So once more there was a chance to press home his responsibility. His last two questions were: 'Doesn't it make you afraid to have the Good Spirit living inside you?' and, 'Is heaven really a good place to live in, even for us Buhid?' They are very reluctant to go anywhere, even heaven, unless they are assured a lot of other Buhid will be there!

"The gospel posters are a new development. I wondered how these would be accepted, being on

paper, of which they are usually afraid. When I took up the *Human Heart* and *Two Roads* posters, the lowland neighbors were interested, but the Buhid far more so. 'But there are no Buhid on those roads,' one man noted. The next time he came we had Buhid figures on both roads, and that quite impressed him. They seem to have grasped the universality of sin—even for Buhid—and that the gospel isn't just a new idea of religion, but something about which they will have to give account personally."

Tadyawan

Katubo drew patterns on the floor with his toe as he answered the missionary, "No mum, not everybody dies—only those with whom God is angry." In the discussion that followed it was pointed out from God's Word that sin is the cause of death, that all have sinned, therefore all die. He was also told that because of what Jesus, God's Son, did for us on the cross we can be saved from eternal death. These were all new thoughts to Katubo. Some time later he returned.

"I told my people what you told me," he said, and continued, "You know, what we need is to get rid of our sin." And so the first rays of light are beginning to enter a few hearts in the Tadyawan tribe. But in most places darkness and the fear of death still rule. No wonder they leave their homes and move to a different place when someone dies! And that is exactly what happen-

ed in the past three months in three of the Tadyawan settlements near our missionaries' house in the hills.

This inroad into the darkness of the Tadyawan tribe is made by two young workers, Miss Mary Jane Thompson and Miss Carolyn Stickley. Mary Jane writes, "The study of the Tadyawan language seems slow and efforts to teach them the gospel are necessarily weak. Our problem is how to make spiritual things real to a people whose whole interest is in the things which can be seen—food, clothes, etc. This must be God's work, and our expectation is from Him."

Batangan

For the Batangan tribe, like the Tadyawan, this is a time of beginnings. Mr. and Mrs. Russell Reed, living in the village of Ligaya conveniently near to some Batangan villages, have opportunities to visit them from time to time. Barbara Reed tells of the language difficulty: "I asked in Tagalog for *love*, and *God loves all men* but the leader's wife looked blank and said she didn't know! How *can* we tell them of His great love and His wonderful salvation? How slow the work seems in the initial stages of language learning!"

Alangan

"My back didn't even get tired, though the meetings were longer than usual," ventured Ranak, as he told Miss Hazel Page of the meetings that Miss Betty Paeth

had held during Hazel's absence. The Alangan are showing an increasing hunger for spiritual things.

Komote (a type of sweet potato) and water in a tin can—these were the elements for the Communion service held after the baptism of the first thirteen Alangan tribespeople. The service was sweet and simple as they "remembered Him." Many, when asked when they first believed, replied, "On that happy day!" Few if any can give the exact day of their conversion. They are not that familiar with the calendar but they do know the new life within them to be from above. One grannie was asked when she first heard the Name of Jesus. She looked

surprised at such a question and said, "When the missionaries first came. If we had heard before, we would have believed before, wouldn't we?"

Some thirty-five gather for their teaching session, and when they are ready to study, they call the missionaries to come. Miss Morven Brown writes: "I have completed my first Alangan primer and hope to start teaching them to read. The folk have helped me quite well, though they did not always know what it was all about. This means that within a few weeks they will be ready for another primer, and then another, and from now on I'll be kept busy providing them with material to read."

TRIBAL WORK IN THAILAND

Miao

Namkhet, a White Miao village, has had months of that most wearing struggle of all—spiritual struggle. Mr. and Mrs. E. Heimbach, pioneers to this tribe, left for furlough early in the year and only Miss Dorothy Jones and Miss Frances Bailey remained to carry on—two lone girls, dwelling with their God and upheld by their praying friends, faced the grim struggle against the mighty powers of evil. At times these powers were furious, at times less rampant, but never were they quiescent. We can watch the struggle and feel the intangible forces in

the report that Dorothy gives concerning Jar.

"We did not know Jar at all, but he had heard from other Christians how good was the Lord's way, and came to us saying that he wanted to believe. He asked us to come to his house the following morning when he would burn his demon things. A little later we received a visit from Mplia Dua, the leader among the Christians in Namkhet, who told us he had spent half the night talking to the Jars. We arranged that Mplia Dua would come with us to Jar's house the next morning. But during the hours of darkness Satan had been working and

in the morning Mplia Dua was no longer enthusiastic about the Jars turning to the Lord. His mind had been turning over thoughts of past days, remembering that Jar had been among the many who cursed him when he turned to the Lord. Our hearts were heavy as we left his house. But before going we reminded him that Jesus had asked forgiveness for the ones who nailed Him to the cross.

"In Jar's house also, the Enemy had been busy. No longer were Jar and his wife sure that they wanted to take this step. Gradually neighbors and relatives gathered and ranged themselves around the wall and said their bit against the Lord.

"Was the battle lost? We were tempted to think it was, but our cry was unto our God and He heard us. Just at this point, when it seemed as if all were lost, Mplia Dua entered, completely changed and melted by the love of Christ. He and his son, Simon, preached to the Jars, beginning with the creation of man and his fall, proceeding to the coming of Christ, His death and resurrection, and finished with the Lord's coming again. They were still preaching as Jar arose and slowly began to take a few things from the demon shelf—things that had nothing to do with demon worship. There was dead silence. Then Jar's mother stood beside the shelf and with loud weeping cried out, 'If you destroy these things we shall have nothing to trust in,' and besought her son not to turn the demons

out. Mrs. Jar's old mother then took her stand on the other side of the shelf and exhorted, 'Get rid of them all. Go the Lord's way. He will take care of you.' She had proved this during the two months she had trusted the Lord. The forces were ranged.

"Finally the demon paraphernalia was all collected and burned, and the opposition melted away far more quietly than it had gathered. Then the song of rejoicing began.

"Jar walked with the Lord only a month, and at the end of those golden four weeks, God called him Home. Much pressure was brought to bear on Mrs. Jar to get her to return to the demon way, but she stoutly refused. Today she is one of the most regular at services and looks forward to seeing her husband again."

Calling out a people for His Name is only part of the work that the Lord is doing in Namkhet. He is also giving gifts to His children that they themselves might build up an indigenous work of local church body with an outreaching evangelistic effort. It seems as if this gift of leadership is being given to one of the "weak things of the world," Mplia Dua. His path since believing has not been an easy one, but when God is tuning an instrument for His use, He chooses effective ways, not easy ones. During the excruciating days when he was breaking off his opium smoking and every cell in his body was crying out for the drug that had sus-

tained him for thirty years, we thanked God for his son who stood by him, praying for him and with him, and refusing to bring him opium when the ravages were at their worst. A habit so entrenched is not easily broken. The battle was not over in a day, but his testimony now is, "I smoked opium for thirty years. No one but Jesus could help me overcome." He said that he would be ashamed to meet the Lord if he took even a little bit!

There has been much labor in translating the Word of God into White Miao—an urgent need if these simple tribespeople are to grow and flourish in the Lord. Of late they have added the Gospel of Mark, 1 and 2 Thessalonians, and a small handbook for evangelism. The hymnbook has been enlarged and is the most well-worn book of them all!

One old Miao woman mused, "He will take care of me. If I have no clothes to wear and no home, I still have Jesus. If my body is beaten and I die, I will go to be with Him." So the cross is being planted in this tribe and while there are struggles that drain the sap of the spirit, there is also the joy that cannot be measured—that of seeing Christ formed in Miao hearts!

The Opium Problem

Growing opium has been the main occupation of the tribal groups in North Thailand. No other crop has been found that is even comparable in lucrative val-

ue. A number of the Christians of the Yao and Miao tribes have been freed from the smoking habit, but still cling to the growing of opium for purposes of income.

Miss Mary Baldock from the Yao tribe writes, "We have had such a disappointment in the work this week, as we learn that all the Christian Yao families are planning to plant opium this year. Even now the ground is being prepared, and the planting will be done in the next few weeks. Most of them feel guilty about this decision, but say they have no other way, as this year's red pepper crop looks as if it will be a very poor one. Brother Six, the headman, feels badly about it all; he knows such business is displeasing to the Lord, but said, 'If our peppers fail, what other method is there?'"

A report from the Miao states similar sad tidings. Dorothy Jones writes, "The 'Battle of the Poppies' has been lost this year. Only Mplia Dua's family is not planting. Some say they are planting only a little this year and next year won't plant any. It is a real victory for the Enemy. They are convicted about it and somewhat afraid. They still go on with the planting of it, however."

"Touch not the unclean thing." This is the unequivocal word of our Father. The bonds of opium are strong, and release from the power of it as it affects spiritual, physical, and economic life is an urgent prayer need for these simple tribal peoples as they emerge

from the darkness to follow the Lord Jesus Christ.

Akha

The Akha tribe, commonly accepted as the most degraded and immoral of Thailand's mountain people, still lingers outside the rim of gospel blessing.

Mr. and Mrs. Peter Nightingale live at the foot of one of their mountains while they study their language and make trips into their villages. Gospel truths are being planted at least in these villages which have waited so many years without its message.

"One day we're going to believe in this Jesus about whom you've been teaching us." Translating these words for Dr. John Toop (who was visiting the village), Peter explained how God had led them to pray definitely for the speaker, A Her, since the very first visit to that village. He was the son of the headman. Senjai, the headman, felt honored to have a doctor come to help his people, and Dr. Toop, conversing with Senjai in the Northern Thai dialect, used him very profitably to examine some malaria and eye cases. Senjai was thrilled to be middleman and this contact has softened the heart of the key man. God is answering prayer.

Shan and Pwo Karen

Pioneering among the Shan continues. This race is the most

strongly Buddhist element in Thailand—closely approaching the fanaticism of the Muslims in the south. But when we "make the omnipotence of God the measure of our expectation" we know that pioneer days, days of hard work and sacrifice, will yet bring forth the crop that He purposeth. Mr. and Mrs. Jean-Jacques Dunant have gone forth bearing precious seed and shall *doubtless* come again with rejoicing, bringing their sheaves with them. It is His promise.

The Pwo Karen, for the first time in their Thailand history likewise have had an impact for Christ made upon them. In making initial contacts it takes a while for mere curiosity to be satisfied. These tribal folks are like the Athenians of old, ever willing "to tell or to hear some new thing." Until their curiosity is satisfied about these strange white people that come to them, they manifest a friendly welcome. But when the point of salvation from sin is driven home, they shrug it off. For centuries they have done without it, so why should they get excited now? It is only as the Holy Spirit takes the life-giving Word and presses it home that the heart is driven to decision. Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Cooke, in the intervals between visiting Pwo Karen villages, are bending every effort to put that Life-giving message from God into Pwo Karen words.

XI. *Finale*

THE CHORDS are sounding; sometimes clear and sweet, sometimes full and bounding. New instruments from all over Southeast Asia are being added and will yet be added until from every nation we gather together in Glory and join in that great crescendo.

"Salvation to our God which sitteth upon the throne and unto the Lamb. Blessing and glory and wisdom and thanksgiving and honor and power and might be unto our God forever and ever" (Rev. 7:10, 12).

For He, our God, is the Maker of our music, the Leader of our symphony, the Tuner of our instruments, our Strength and Song. With a very simple word, a prayer-poem, we would bring these pages to a close.

"And Lord, with a song
Let my will
Run all the day long
With Thy will."

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